

BARNES ON HILLARY
KRISTOL ON TRUMP

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Notorious, Indeed

One of the stranger incidents in the modern history of the Supreme Court unfolded this past week when Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg told a *New York Times* reporter, “I can’t imagine what the country would be with Donald Trump as our president,” and was accelerated with a further dose of acid about Trump (“a faker”) in a CNN interview. It ended a few days later when Justice Ginsburg issued a statement from her chambers, conceding (among other things) that “my recent remarks in response to press inquiries were ill-advised and I regret making them.”

As well she should. There was a time, not so long ago, when Supreme Court justices resolutely declined to comment publicly about the inner workings of the Court, as well as subjects that might come to the Court’s attention. Even Court nominees would refuse to answer hypothetical questions during Senate confirmation. Those days, alas, are gone. But justices remain generally circumspect about public issues and, especially, about politics—and for obvious reasons: The credibility of the judicial branch of government can hardly survive if judges render their opinions in advance.

Justice Ginsburg’s bad judgment in this instance should be obvious: If Donald Trump IS elected presi-

dent, he could reasonably argue that such public contempt and criticism disqualifies her from judging the government’s cases. Indeed, how obvious was Ginsburg’s misjudgment? Both the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* editorial pages sided with, yes, Donald Trump, the *Post* explaining that while Ginsburg’s comments may have been “valid” they were “much, much better left unsaid by a member of the Supreme Court.” The *Times* exhorted Ginsburg “to drop the political punditry and the name-calling.”

We may never know what, exactly, caused Ruth Bader Ginsburg to behave so bumptiously—or, for that matter, what prompted her to step back from the abyss. But THE SCRAPBOOK has a theory or two. Justice Ginsburg has become something of a cult figure among her most fervent admirers: They have dubbed her “the Notorious RBG” (a play on the name of a famous rapper) and attend her lectures and public appearances, and savor her offhand pronouncements, with the passion of pop music fans and souvenir hunters. It is entirely possible—it is entirely likely—that all this has gone to the 83-year-old head of the Notorious RBG.

There is another possibility, which THE SCRAPBOOK hopes may be true: Chief Justice John Roberts might have privately instructed Justice Ginsburg

that her behavior was damaging the integrity of the Court, and to stop it. If so, the chief’s intervention was both timely and honored by precedent.

In recent decades, chief justices have been notably reluctant to intervene in such circumstances, especially when older justices show clear signs of failing judgment or incapacity. This has led to such grotesque circumstances as the mortifying period, during 1974-75, when Justice William O. Douglas, reduced to invalid status by a stroke, resolutely refused to step down. In that sense, THE SCRAPBOOK is reminded of a poignant chapter in Court history. When, in 1932, it became clear that the 91-year-old Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes could no longer share the burden of the Court’s work, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes went to visit him at home one Sunday morning and gently explained that he and his colleagues on the Supreme Court had reluctantly concluded that Holmes ought to resign.

Which Holmes did, there and then. Hughes later remembered his action that day as a “highly distasteful duty,” but it was the right thing to do—both for Holmes’s reputation, and for the sake of the Court. If Chief Justice Roberts played any part in saving the Notorious RBG from herself, THE SCRAPBOOK offers its thanks to him. ♦

Sympathy for Hillary

Even when the *New York Times* is in a rare, truth-telling mode, it can’t help but fudge the discussion of terrorism, draping ugly reality in gauzy euphemism.

Here’s the truth-telling: The *Times*, reporting on the plunge in polling numbers for Hillary Clinton, acknowledged she “has emerged from the F.B.I. investigation into her email practices as secretary of state a wounded candidate with a large and

growing majority of voters saying she cannot be trusted.” Wow—don’t sugarcoat it!

But later in the same article, the reporters found themselves exploring how particular issues might benefit or harm the candidates, and they got to the question of “handling terrorism and national security.” They began that paragraph by discussing the murderous jihadist rampage at the Pulse nightclub in June. Here’s how they phrased it: “After the deadly attack on a gay nightclub in Orlando, Fla., by a

gunman who expressed sympathy for the Islamic State . . .”

Expressed sympathy? Let’s, as the sportscasters say, go to the tape:

“What’s your name?” the Orlando police department 911 dispatcher asked the shooter, who was on the phone.

“My name is I pledge of allegiance to Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi of the Islamic State.”

“Okay,” the dispatcher asked again. “What’s your name?”

“I pledge allegiance to Abu Bakr al-

Baghdadi, may God protect him [Arabic], on behalf of the Islamic State.”

No doubt if that hadn’t been clear enough, he would have been happy to repeat it again.

There is a fundamental difference between “expressing sympathy” and “pledging allegiance,” especially when fealty to murderous terrorist organizations is involved. *THE SCRAPBOOK* suspects that the *New York Times* is savvy to the distinction.

Why then the dishonest portrayal? Perhaps because a blatant, ISIS-linked terrorist attack on U.S. soil is politically inconvenient for Hillary. Perhaps the *Times* team is just pledging allegiance to—sorry, we mean expressing sympathy for—their candidate of choice. ♦

Comeuppance for Hillary

THE SCRAPBOOK was amused to see a poll this week from the digital marketing firm Fluent, reporting that 46 percent of voters say they’ve seen a “Trump for President” TV ad—despite the fact that no such ads have run. In fact, Trump’s imaginary ads have been seen by nearly as many voters as have seen the 31,000 real ads that have been aired by Clinton and her super-PACs (52 percent).

The Trump campaign’s reluctance to pay for ads comes, presumably, from a combination of poor fundraising and lots of free media. Nonetheless, Trump ads are inevitable in the long run, and—ambivalent about Trump as we are—*THE SCRAPBOOK* looks forward to one anti-Hillary ad in particular. (One it’s frankly surprised it hasn’t seen yet.)

In early May, while she was campaigning in Kentucky, Clinton attacked Trump’s off-the-cuff style: “He just kind of throws things out, and people say, maybe he doesn’t really mean it. When you are running for and serving as president, you’d better mean what you say.”

THE SCRAPBOOK expects to see that video clip—Hillary saying “when you are running for and serving as president, you’d better mean what you

say”—edited into clips of Hillary saying she supports TPP and opposes it, saying she supports NAFTA and opposes it, saying she opposes gay marriage and supports it, saying she favors the Keystone pipeline and opposes it, saying she opposes drivers’ licenses for illegal aliens and supports them, saying she was under sniper fire in Bosnia and she wasn’t. Et cetera, et cetera.

Add those to the now-famous clip of Trey Gowdy questioning FBI director James Comey on Hillary’s email use: “Secretary Clinton said there was nothing marked classified in her emails either sent or received, was that true?” “That’s not true,” says Comey. “Secretary Clinton said she

used just one device, was that true?” “She used multiple devices,” says Comey. And so forth.

Given Mrs. Clinton’s latest escape from justice, *THE SCRAPBOOK* looks forward to a late-summer and autumn filled with comeuppance. ♦

Weighing the Risks

A transgender advocacy group known as the “Movement Advancement Project”—a name redundant on so many levels it’s distracting—is paying to run an ad on Fox News during the Republican national convention. The ad features a transgender narrator being denied



the use of a ladies' room and explaining that being forced to use a bathroom that corresponds with his or her biological sex "puts me at risk for harassment and violence."

While there might be some truth to that argument, it requires a lot of brass to make it. That's because the risks for violence and harassment do not run only in one direction. Last fall, the University of Toronto temporarily suspended its policy requiring all campus bathrooms to be gender-neutral after discovering that some men were using it as cover to film women who were showering. University officials should have known better. In 2014, a rapist in Toronto was arrested for pretending to be transgender so he could get into women's shelters, where he sexually assaulted two women.

And now, just as the Movement Advancement Project is moving and advancing its big PR campaign, a "transgender male who identifies as female," Shauna (Sean Patrick) Smith, has been arrested in Idaho Falls for holding an iPhone above a dressing-room partition to film an 18-year-old girl trying on swimwear at the local Target. According to *East Idaho News*,

Deputies interviewed Smith and "the defendant eventually admitted ... that she had made videos in the past of women undressing. The defendant told [the detective] that she makes these videos for the 'same reason men go online to look at pornography.'"

The fact that this took place in a Target dressing room is not without irony. Earlier this year Target formalized a policy of welcoming "transgender team members and guests to use the restroom or fitting room facility that corresponds with their gender identity." This prompted a boycott from Christian groups that included a petition with over one million signers decrying the policy. Over the next month, Target's stock plummeted from around \$85 a share to \$65. It still hasn't recovered—the Dow is soaring at the moment and Target is trading at \$73.

The question before us regarding transgender bathroom policies is pretty

simple. Is obliterating the convention of single-sex bathrooms, locker rooms, and changing rooms necessary to protect the exceedingly small minority of people that identify as transgender? Or should we preserve this convention to protect the over 50 percent of the population that is female from harassment and violence? THE SCRAPBOOK is no mathematician, but the utilitarian calculus in favor of sticking with convention is pretty compelling. ♦

No, We're Not Making This Up

Advocates for poor people and aggressive causes say they still plan to make a stink—literally—during Hillary Clinton's big night accepting the Democratic presidential nomination this month.

"The plan: feed beans to Democratic National Convention delegates for Bernie Sanders, and send them into the Philadelphia convention hall to show what they think of the former secretary of state. . . .

"Dr. Walter Tsou, a leader with the Philadelphia branch of Physicians for Social Responsibility . . . , is helping promote the cause.

"The fart-in is to raise attention about things that really stink in our society," he says." ("Bernie Fans Say 'Fart-In' Against Hillary Will Go On," *U.S. News*, July 12.) ♦

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Taking the Plunge

It's settled: The U.K. is in "uncharted territory." In the immediate wake of the British decision last month to leave the European Union, an aide to Prime Minister David Cameron got the mantra going, declaring, "We're in uncharted territory." The *New York Times* picked up the motif and proclaimed that the vote "Sends a Nation with a Storied History into Uncharted Territory." The BBC asked whether the EU can save itself in the face of "Brexit's uncharted territory." The tumbling value of the pound, according to an alarmed *Financial Times*, caused "US Treasuries [to] fall into uncharted territory."

My wife and I left for England with our three children the day after the Brexit vote. We arrived to find, happily, the island had not sunk (though you would think that was one of the many imminent risks faced by the U.K., what with all the panicked commentary). And happier still, the tumbling pound—thanks, panicked commentary!—meant our vacation dollars would buy that much more Cotswold cheese, ripe in-season strawberries, and mellow cask-drawn ales.

Goodness knows the political class was doing its best to prove that chaos was what would come of the Leave campaign beating Remain. After Cameron announced he would be stepping down as prime minister, there was no orderly lining-up of MPs behind the Cameron rival who had led Leave to victory. No, poor old floppy-headed Boris Johnson found himself Tonya-Hardinged by his longtime ally Michael Gove: On the day he was expected to announce he would be leading Johnson's campaign among MPs, Gove instead denounced his old friend as unworthy and unfit and in the next breath announced his own campaign. In the mad scramble that followed, the MP to emerge with the

best shot at Downing Street was not Gove (Iago has never exactly been the most popular character in *Othello*) but a squishy, left-leaning Remainian.

Labour, meanwhile, went into leadership convulsions of its own (not that anyone really seemed to care). And on the right, the triumphant leader of the U.K. Independence Party called it quits, his work having been done.



Over the course of a week, the wobbly exchange rate did bless us with ever-cheaper cheese, strawberries, and cask-drawn ales, but Britain seemed otherwise to be weathering its cross-Channel storm.

While in England, I gave some thought to the risks and rewards of sailing out into uncertain waters. And not just because of the Brexit circus. You see, we had arranged our London trip to celebrate the date—exactly 20 years before—when my yet-to-be wife Jennifer and I had run off to England to get married, and failed.

Back in early 1996, Jen and I had been engaged, only to become disengaged late in the spring. That summer we chanced upon one another at Dulles airport (Jen just happened to be arriving as I was departing). Over a drink, we made up, and I floated the nutty notion we should forgo the trappings and tensions of a wedding and simply elope. A couple of hours later we were on a plane for London, a destination chosen for no better reasons than that it seemed romantic and there were seats available on a flight to Heathrow.

Once in London we quickly discovered that getting married there without waiting weeks was, as the Brits are wont to say, "not on." (The great bebop trombonist Carl Fontana once told me in an Eton pub, "This England is nice and all, but it ain't no Vegas.")

Soon we were back in the United States. But instead of admitting defeat, we went to the courthouse in Leesburg, Va., near Dulles, where our adventure had begun. There, getting married was a simple matter of showing up with \$30 for the license and \$30 for the officiating judge. And, oh yes, we had to take an oath that we weren't prohibitively closely related.

Our friends thought Jen had lost her marbles. They no doubt thought me crazy too, but that assessment was tempered by their appreciation of my obvious good fortune. I wouldn't have been surprised if some of them had gotten a pool together to bet on how short our marriage would last. And yet, here we are 20 years later not only still married, but happily so, and blessed with kids who make us smile at the impossible wonder of it all.

We've been lucky. But for all of us, the things in life that matter take some luck because they entail taking chances. The best things in our lives start with stepping out into the unknown. Life is full of risk and uncertainty. We're all in uncharted territory, you might say—and not necessarily a bad thing at that.

ERIC FELTEN

Yup, She's Crooked



Hillary Clinton is the most corrupt person ever to get this close to becoming president of the United States. Aaron Burr was corrupt, but his treason didn't occur until after his presidential possibilities had dried up. Ulysses Grant was a great man whose administration was riddled with corruption, but he wasn't personally involved. Warren Harding wasn't a great man, but he wasn't party to the corruption in his administration either. Hillary Clinton stands alone.

Her corruption has many dimensions. It encompasses her personal, professional, and political life. There are lots of overlaps. Her use of a private email server engulfs all three aspects. With Clinton, one never has to exaggerate. Her malfeasance speaks for itself, loudly. She lies to get out of trouble and fool the press and voters. But she also lies gratuitously—when it's not required to avoid trouble. Face to face with the parents of CIA commandos who were killed in Benghazi

while protecting Ambassador Chris Stevens, Clinton lied. She said an anti-Islam video had prompted the fatal attack, which she knew wasn't true, when she could have simply expressed her condolences. Clinton has a masochistic relationship with the media. She spurns them. They protect her.

Is there any public figure who lies as routinely as Clinton? Not in my lifetime in Washington. Not Richard Nixon. Not LBJ. Not Donald Trump. Not even Bill Clinton. She skillfully, though probably unconsciously, spreads out her lies to lessen the impact. But when you pack them together, as Rep. Trey Gowdy did while questioning FBI director James Comey at a House hearing, they're shocking. The Gowdy-Comey exchange went like this:

GOWDY: Clinton said she never sent or received any classified information over her private email. Not true?

COMEY: Right.

GOWDY: Clinton said there was nothing marked classified on her emails. . . . Was that true?

COMEY: That's not true.

GOWDY: Clinton said [she] didn't email any classified material to anyone. . . . True?

COMEY: There was classified material emailed.

GOWDY: [She] said that she used just one device. True?

COMEY: She used multiple devices.

GOWDY: [She] said all work-related emails were returned to the State Department. True?

COMEY: No.

GOWDY: [She] said neither she nor anyone else deleted work-related emails. . . . True?

COMEY: That's a harder one to answer. We found traces of work-related emails. . . . Whether they were deleted . . . or something happened to them, there's no doubt that there were work-related emails . . . removed electronically from the email system. [Translation: not true.]

GOWDY: [She] said her lawyers read every one of the emails [individually before deleting any of them]. True?

COMEY: No.

GOWDY: False, exculpatory statements—they are used for what?

COMEY: Either for the substantive prosecution or for evidence of intent in a criminal prosecution?

GOWDY: Exactly. Intent and consciousness of guilt, right?

COMEY: Right.

DAVE CLEGG

As pernicious as Clinton's lies have been—and continue to be—there's a far more serious problem with her as president. It's twofold: her indifference to protecting national security secrets and her exploitation of the foreign policy and diplomatic process for personal gain. Together, these make her unfit to be president, both morally and professionally.

Comey spared Clinton the criminal prosecution a lesser State Department official would surely have faced for treating classified emails so cavalierly. But he was unforgiving in discussing her lackadaisical approach to "very sensitive, highly classified information." It was the equivalent of an indictment, only one not to be prosecuted. Comey said Clinton emails with "Top Secret/Special Access" information—the truly sensitive stuff—were less protected than they would have been "with a commercial service like Gmail." In other words, one's email chats with friends, lovers, and relatives are more secure than were those of the secretary of state.

Though the FBI found no "direct evidence" of "computer intrusion by hostile actors," it's obvious Comey believes there was plenty of it. He said adversaries had hacked into the email of those with whom Clinton was in "regular contact from her personal account." Worse, her email "domain" was widely known and "readily apparent." Worse still, she used her unsecure email outside the United States, even in the "territory of sophisticated adversaries." We know who they are.

Since a Romanian hacker named "Guccifer" had no trouble accessing her emails, Vladimir Putin, Xi Jinping, and Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei would have to have been asleep at the wheel not to have tapped in from the start of the Obama administration. David Sanger of the *New York Times* reported the absence of clear evidence of hacking was a signal to experts and government investigators that her email likely "had been breached, but the intruders were far too skilled to leave evidence of their work." Such intruders are the most frightening kind. They tend to work for America's enemies.

Sloppy security alone doesn't make Clinton unfit for the presidency. But the Clinton Foundation and the Clintons' methods of enriching themselves do. The mainstream media, with a few exceptions such as the *New York Times*, have failed to see the foundation as a target for investigative reporting. But Peter Schweizer, in his 2015 book *Clinton Cash*, examined the foundation and discovered how it allowed the Clintons to make foreign policy pay. Donate to the foundation or give Bill Clinton an exorbitant fee for a speech and good things often happened. According to *Forbes*, Bill and Hillary Clinton made \$229,319,855 between 2001 and 2014.

The Clintons created a structure whereby foreign governments, businesses, and financiers could buy access to American politicians, Schweizer says. "Foreign entities are

prohibited by federal law from giving to political campaigns and super-PACs. But with the Clinton Foundation and speaking fees, foreign entities can sidestep what has been a longtime consensus point in American politics." That point: American foreign policy isn't like politics, where campaign donations buy access and favors. With the Clintons, foreign policy is politics by other means.

When his wife became secretary of state, Bill Clinton's speaking fees skyrocketed. He gave two speeches in Nigeria at \$700,000 apiece. He was paid \$750,000 by Ericsson, the Swedish telecom company, for a speech in Hong Kong. He gave 13 speeches for more than \$500,000 a pop from the time he stepped down as president in 2001 to the day his wife left as secretary of state in 2013. Eleven of them occurred while she was in office, Schweizer found. PolitiFact confirmed his numbers and speech dates.

The examples of the Clintons' remunerating themselves with help from holding high office are numerous. He got \$16.5 million from Laureate International Universities, the parent company of an online diploma mill, as honorary chancellor for five years. Laureate Education

Inc. got \$55 million in State Department grants. The Clintons benefited from deals in Russia, India, Colombia, and Africa. At least Bill Clinton did.

Meanwhile, they've broken all the rules. The Clinton Foundation, more a slush fund to finance the family's living expenses than a charity, signed a document promising to disclose any donations from foreign entities during Hillary's tenure as secretary of state. At the time, John Kerry, then chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, wondered aloud why the foundation needed to take in any foreign money at all: "If you're traveling to some country and you meet with the foreign leadership and a week later or two weeks later or three weeks later the president [Bill Clinton] travels there and solicits a donation and they pledge to give at some point in the future but nobody knows, is there an appearance of a conflict?" Now, as secretary of state himself, Kerry must know the answer. The foundation violated the agreement at least five times.

They got away with it, largely unscathed. Hillary Clinton was stung by the email case. But she's sticking with the family formula when you're caught red-handed: Stone-wall and confess to nothing and eventually the problem will go away. This has worked since her \$100,000 gain betting on cattle futures in 1978. An academic study calculated the chance of such a windfall happening legitimately at 1 in 13 trillion. Yet the sham was soon forgotten. This time, in this presidential race, voters have no excuse. We know who Hillary Clinton really is.

—Fred Barnes

The Worst Nominee

Hillary Clinton may or may not be the all-around worst presidential nominee in the history of the Democratic party. That party has, over the years, thrown up some pretty unappealing characters. It's also nominated candidates whose policies did (James Buchanan, Jimmy Carter) or would have done (George McClellan, George McGovern) great harm to the nation.

The Republican party has, on the whole, had higher standards or at least better luck. Since its first convention in 1856, it has nominated 27 men to serve as president of the United States. Not all have been of sterling quality. Even the most loyal Republican will acknowledge that there have been times when perhaps GOP nominees fell short of the standard for the presidency set forth in *Federalist* 68, that "it will not be too strong to say, that there will be a constant probability of seeing the station filled by characters pre-eminent for ability and virtue." It would not perhaps even shock a loyal Republican to say that over the long history of the GOP there have been times when it was perhaps as well that the Republican nominee did not prevail in the general election.

But we do think it fair to say, tipping our hat to recent revisionist studies of Warren G. Harding, and making allowances for a few unfortunate stumbles by Richard M. Nixon, that none of the previous GOP nominees was an embarrassment or a disgrace. I can say, as someone who has cast votes for the Republican presidential nominee in the eleven elections of my adult lifetime, that in no case have I felt it necessary to engage in serious second thoughts about the propriety of my choice.

But now the presumptive nominee of the Republican party, heir to the distinguished mantle of Abraham Lincoln and Ronald Reagan, of Ulysses S. Grant and Dwight D. Eisenhower, and, yes, of Tom Dewey and Gerald Ford and John McCain and Mitt Romney, is one Donald J. Trump. If Trump is nominated on Thursday, it will not be a grand day for a grand old party. For it will have nominated the worst nominee in its history.

There were many moments over the past year when this fate could have been avoided. The weakness not to say debility of several elements of the Republican party is an important topic for another day. For now, the last chance to save the Grand Old Party from itself rests with the delegates to the 41st Republican Convention. If they succeed, all honor to them. If they fall short, their failure will merely mark the final act of the Lamentable & Extraordinary Republican Tragedie of 2016.

At this melancholy moment for Republicans and conservatives, the conclusion of Winston Churchill's great speech in the House of Commons of March 24, 1938, comes to mind. Not because we think Donald Trump's nomination is in any way comparable to the Anschluss. And not because we think this era is comparable to the eve of World War II. But because we do think, for all of its farcical aspects, it is a moment of some gravity.

Here's Churchill:

For five years I have talked to the House on these matters, not with very great success. I have watched this famous island descending incontinently, fecklessly the stairway which leads to a dark gulf. It is

a fine broad stairway at the beginning, but after a bit the carpet ends. A little further on there are only flagstones, and a little further on still these break beneath your feet.

For our part, we have watched the party descend a stairway. Now the carpet has ended. The flagstones are broken beneath our feet. A dark gulf awaits.

Perhaps the party, and the principles for which it stands, can emerge from this episode without lasting damage. After all, a distinguished party's traditions are not undone in a day or a year. They will remain available to us as a source of education and encouragement. Donald J. Trump may become the 2016 Republican nominee. He cannot be allowed to define the future of a great party that can, we trust, be made great again.

—William Kristol



'Progressivism Is as Progressivism Does'

Seizing the moral low ground.

BY MARY EBERSTADT

President Obama's self-described "rant" in front of the Canadian prime minister the other week included one more encore of the same drum solo that Candidate Clinton pounds out nonstop: that progressives do a better job of taking care of the poor and needy than . . . well, anyone else. The alternative to good progressives, says Team Left, are those bad Others—like the presumptive Republican nominee, someone "who has never shown any regard for workers, has never fought on behalf of social justice issues or making sure poor kids are getting a decent shot at life," as the president put it.

It's an interesting trope—and it shouldn't get the pass it usually does. A pithy line of Irving Kristol's from a few decades back is especially helpful: "Socialism is as socialism does."

Before the Velvet Revolutions of the late 20th century, unapologetic Marxists and socialists ran free in all the best places, everywhere strutting their supposed moral authority. They claimed to hold the high ground against democratic capitalism. They insisted that their ideas would better help the poor—indeed, that they were the only ones who even cared about the poor. They professed their own purity of motive. And of course they reiterated ad nauseam that history and justice were on their side.

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And like Samuel Johnson kicking a stone to refute Bishop Berkeley's immaterialism, Irving Kristol demolished Marxism's moral claims thus: "Socialism is as socialism does." Don't look at what socialism says of itself; look at what socialism does in the world.

In similar spirit, after two terms of President Obama and team, a standard



Little Sisters: unlikely targets

for measuring his movement's moral record springs to mind: "Progressivism is as progressivism does." This is particularly true of today's newer and much evolved variant of progressivism: the kind dominant in Washington since 2009, as well as in academia and Hollywood and many courts; the kind that takes its marching orders from the sexual revolution, rather than from the biblical understanding of justice and its demands; the kind that liberal thinkers of yesterday, like Christopher Lasch and Martin Luther King Jr., would disown.

Like yesterday's Marxism, this new so-called progressivism claims—and claims, and claims—that it stands on the side of the marginalized and needy. But by the standard of what its activists do, as opposed

to what they say, what does the record show?

We know, first, that this new progressivism is no friend of religious liberty. We know this because in and out of government, it has interfered with and even undercut religious liberty itself. We also know the Obama administration has steadily replaced the phrase "freedom of religion" in key documents with the far more constricting "freedom of worship." "Freedom of worship" sounds like something you can do in your closet. Freedom of religion is one freedom that doesn't require money to exercise; that can be shared equally by rich and poor alike. How does constricting that help brothers and sisters in need?

The ledger also shows that this new progressivism will run roughshod over humbler souls. Consult for starters the Little Sisters of the Poor, who live with and care for dying people whom everyone else has thrown out. What did today's neo-progressivism have to say to these saintly nuns? It dangled handcuffs at them. It threatened them with crippling fines, all to make them knuckle under to what the sexual revolution now demands.

That is a rousing example of the dictum "progressivism is as progressivism does." What kind of ideology goes after people like the Little Sisters in the first place? What kind of activism calls the harassing of selfless religious women a day well spent?

We know, third, that in the name of this new progressivism, other initiatives are afoot that will also hurt the poor. Christian education, for example, is under attack on numerous fronts. Home-schooling is a perpetual *bête noire* of progressive thinking, opposed by the National Education Association and other institutions of the left. Atheist Richard Dawkins and others have even called religious home-schooling the equivalent of child abuse.

Then there are attempts to undermine the very transmission of Christian ideas in higher reaches. At least two prominent colleges of Protestant

evangelicalism, the King's College in New York and Gordon College in Massachusetts, have undergone accreditation battles in the last ten years. Anyone who thinks that Catholic schools will somehow escape the same is blind to the signs of the times. One 2014 essay in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* by a professor at the University of Pennsylvania argued that no Christian college should be accredited.

Of course the secularist mission of disrupting Christian education hurts the poor. Many parents home-school for the simple reason that they don't want their children in mediocre government schools. Both President Obama and President Clinton sent their children to elite private schools rather than to the District of Columbia's public ones. What about parents who also don't want their kids in mediocre schools, but who don't have the means of American presidents?

Similarly, religious education, and the Catholic school system above all, has been an irreplaceable engine of social and intellectual mobility for generations now. It's lifted millions of Catholics and non-Catholics alike to a better life, thereby rendering them able to help others in turn. Neo-progressivism shrugs at that record, too.

Here is a fourth fact about today's dominant variant of progressivism as it pertains to the poor. In any contest between the perceived mandates of the sexual revolution on the one hand and the competing needs of anybody else, the revolution trumps. And a long line of litigation in addition to that of the Little Sisters can be summoned to prove it.

The U.S. Catholic bishops, for example, who resettle some 25 percent of the refugees in this country, are sued by abortion rights groups. Why? Because their refugee work at the southern border of the United States does not include contraception and abortion. Catholic hospitals are sued by the same antagonists for the same reason. Christian adoption agencies have been shuttered in Boston and elsewhere, for refusing to recant Christian teaching about the family. Emergency pregnancy centers around

the country are sued and harassed by burdensome, ideologically driven ordinances. These are places where mothers-to-be go for help ranging from sonograms to diapers, because they want babies rather than abortions. Inexplicably, grim activists work to make their "choice" for life more onerous.

How is any of this neo-progressive legal activism in the interests of real, live people—pregnant women looking for help, refugees desperate for a life-line, babies and children looking for loving homes?

In sum, and in dark contrast to lofty talk of being "that good Samaritan," as the president also once declared, today's dominant strain of progressivism includes interfering with good works, menacing voluntary organizations that help the poor, and torpedoing Christian resources via ideologically fueled litigation.

These are toxic fruits. And the soil in which they flourish does not come from moral high ground.

Neither, finally, do today's sorties

against religious liberty. The poor, the destitute, the dying, the unwanted, the hungry, the imprisoned: All have exactly the same right to freedom as everyone else. Destitution and hardship are often the crucibles out of which steely faith emerges in the first place. People who find God in the midst of chaos and misery should never be told—as so many neo-progressives would tell them—that they're on the wrong side of history.

Robert George gave a speech a couple of years ago which included the refrain, "The days of acceptable Christianity are over. The days of comfortable Catholicism are past." Something else is becoming clearer by the day as well. After a decade of progressive ascendancy, the distance between what that movement says about the castoff and forlorn and what it does to those same people has become measurable. It's time to hold that record up to the light. The day when comfortable neo-progressivism is over will be a better day for those who need help from the rest of us. ♦

The Chilcot Report

A very long crucifixion of Tony Blair.

BY REUEL MARC GERECHT

The Chilcot report on the Iraq war ought to elicit two emotions: sympathy and pity for former British prime minister Tony Blair. As was evident by late 2002, when Europeans saw the frightful resolve of George W. Bush and began earnestly debating how evil Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein was and what threat he posed, Blair was a brave politician and an exceptionally good ally of the United States. The English political elite has never been a fountainhead of pro-American sentiment,

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despite the close, at times intimate, relations between the British and American armed forces, intelligence services, and diplomatic corps. This envious English sneering, which erupted into disgust when the occupation of Iraq went south in 2004, is not in Blair's repertoire. His affection for the United States seems untroubled and sincere. His admiration is both moral and strategic: Anyone who has watched the documentary shown in the theater at the 9/11 Memorial Museum in New York City, in which Bush and Blair reflect on what happened that day and its aftermath, can tell that both men see history in broad brushstrokes, that 9/11 was a tocsin

call of a new barbarian age, which the West needed to respond to with determination and force.

Blair's post-9/11 vision put him at odds with many in the British establishment, who had become increasingly uncomfortable with war as an unavoidable part of maintaining the post-World War II liberal order. There is some irony in that Blair consistently withheld the means for his mission: He is as culpable as any post-Cold War prime minister in allowing British military power to wane. Europe has excelled at disarming since the collapse of the Soviet Union. The punctilious ethics and legalisms that animate European discussions about the use of force remain, even in the age of Barack Obama, awkward and adventitious to Americans, who don't believe the legal or moral legitimacy of war is determined by a unanimous vote of the permanent members of the United Nations Security Council. Poor Blair was too American for many Brits, especially after the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan became arduous. John Chilcot and the other privy counsellors who have produced this seven-years-in-the-making, 2,600,000-word report (one shudders to think what Chilcot would have done with the Boer War) scold the former prime minister as dons would a wayward student. If Blair couldn't have stopped the Americans from going to war, the report not too subtly suggests, he should have at least joined the French and Germans in opposition.

Blair's Iraqi hopes, of course, founded on (initial) American military incompetence. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, his deputy Paul Wolfowitz, and the light-footprint generals who thought they could go into Iraq, a society torn apart by Saddam's savagery (Chilcot refers to Saddam's rule as one of "harsh deprivation"), and leave within an undefined short period were delusional. Blair, like Bush, didn't pay sufficient attention soon enough to the occupation. Civilian leaders should always rigorously second-guess military brass and intelligence bureaucracies. Blair really should have known, especially given

his defense budgets, that the United Kingdom could no longer sustain an expeditionary force in a hostile environment, particularly one where Iranian-manufactured explosive devices ripped apart lightly armored vehicles. After British combat operations ended in Iraq in 2009, senior British military officers apologized to their American counterparts for failing to hold their own, when British forces hunkered down and let militant Shiites run rampant through the south until American forces quelled the violence.

In all likelihood, the Iraq war signaled the end of Britain as a significant military partner of the United States. The ever-growing British welfare state ate the Royal Navy during the Cold War; it effectively finished off the army and air force during Blair's premiership. The Chilcot report's questioning of Blair's military planning is certainly fair though entirely secondary to the failure of American officers and officials. Its assessment didn't—at least in the 100,000 words that I read—underscore the general decrepitude of the British military brought on by decades of insufficient funding by Labour and Tory politicians who suffered from a failure of strategic imagination, in part because of their dependency on the United States.

In a different time, the Brits, too, would have surged. A stout-hearted British prime minister might have objected to Obama's calamitous decision to withdraw all American soldiers from Iraq, which, despite the president's felicitous prognostications about the country's future success, helped lead rapidly to a government crack-up in Baghdad and the rise of Shiite militias, Iran, and the Islamic State. We wouldn't have need today for the quiet and ignominious return of nearly 6,000 American soldiers to Iraq. Yet any of these observations and conjectures would have been politically incorrect; the Chilcot report is, in the range and limitations of its curiosity, tirelessly in tune with accepted wisdom.

The privy counsellors surprisingly don't spend much time on Europe, on how so many governments were divided about whether to support

Washington, and on why many politicians—though not the man on the street and intellectuals in the cafés—decided to back the war against Saddam or at least not oppose it. Twenty members of NATO or the European Union either supported the war or remained helpfully silent or neutral. Did these European politicians believe the increasingly hyperbolic claims and suggestions of some U.S. officials about Iraq's WMD programs, statements that may have been uttered because Washington was trying to gain a United Nations' blessing for its actions—a move dictated not by American domestic politics but by Washington's concern for Blair and other Europeans who felt they needed, politically, a U.N. imprimatur?

It's doubtful. Most of the pro-war neoconservatives I know were certainly uncomfortable with some of the commentary that could vividly bubble forth from Rumsfeld, Vice President Dick Cheney, and national security adviser Condoleezza Rice. If neocons were skeptical and could nevertheless strongly back the war, then certainly Europeans, whose hearts and minds almost always veer more toward Venus than Mars, could be unmoved by this rhetoric and nevertheless find the war an acceptable choice for the United States. They surely acted how they did because they acknowledged the United States' preeminent position as their defender; it's also not outrageous to suggest that they may have paid some attention to Saddam's wars, his gassing of the Kurds, his longstanding appetite for weapons of mass destruction, or just the Stalinist hell inside Iraq. In other words, many European officials understood that the United States was going to war to remove Saddam not because of his refractory and deceptive behavior with U.N. weapons inspectors, and not because every major European intelligence service also thought that Saddam had active WMD programs (to be fair to the Europeans, bad intelligence and analysis can spread among the Western services like venereal disease, especially if Americans are responsible for the first infection). Whether the

European backers of Bush had read Ken Pollack's *The Threatening Storm*, an influential book that made the case for taking out Saddam, a wild and crazy totalitarian who'd repeatedly shown himself immune to carrot-and-stick Western diplomacy, the theme was appreciated in Europe if not embraced as it was in Washington. That Bush got the support that he did in the Old World shows that the Kantian hold on post-Cold War Europe wasn't complete.

It's a painful irony that Blair got hoist by his own petard: He insisted that the United States and his own government make a case for war closely tied to the issue of U.N. weapons inspections and security-council deliberations, and not to Saddam's past or to post-9/11 arguments about preemption. This "American" understanding of the world, which Blair privately seems to have ardently embraced, actually created the philosophical space, in both the United States and Europe, that allowed Bush to move decisively against Saddam, an aspiration that Chilcot reports President Bill Clinton also had. If the occupation had gone better, Blair and Bush would have escaped the WMD booby trap: Saddam's "harsh deprivation" would surely have held the high ground in the West's moral imagination.

Recall that the active European opposition to the Iraq war consisted only of four countries: France, Germany, Belgium, and Russia. The Belgians and the Germans were implacable. Chancellor Gerhard Schröder made it clear he would never support the war, even if the U.N. Security Council approved American military action. The opposition of the French, who became determined critics of the campaign to eliminate Saddam, wasn't a foregone conclusion. In Paris there was lingering shame about earlier French support to the Butcher of Baghdad. Saddam's atrocities against the Kurds had long had a sympathetic audience, and French president Jacques Chirac, despite his open ambition to constrain American power, wasn't ardently anti-American and was sensitive to standing against an

American juggernaut. It's entirely possible that if George W. Bush had been a better diplomat, if Secretary of State Colin Powell had not so often sent mixed messages about whether the United States could be dissuaded from conflict, if he'd just bothered to travel to Europe to chat with natives, the die might have been cast differently. Blair would not have been "America's poodle" if France had joined the coalition: The effect of French participation, even if led by a conservative French president, on the antiwar Western left would have been significant.



Tony Blair in London, July 7, 2016

The Chilcot report lacks any variable, "what if," history that doesn't tilt against the war. Its dry narrative, devoid of color and the personal interaction that frames so much of foreign policy, leaves the reader undernourished and bored even before escaping the 150-page executive summary. An assessment of a small action that has major ramifications—the 9/11 Commission report—can be illuminating and at times surprising because its questions are relatively simple and apolitical, and its methodology and intent aren't speculative.

The Chilcot report wasn't content with such a factual exploration of tactical questions but had to stroll off into a wormhole of strategic conjectures, camouflaging them, as headmasters are often wont to do, with august assertions. What else could privy counselors do with a report on a war about which, conspiracies possibly aside, serious people knew already all the pertinent facts? It's mean-spirited and hopelessly American-centric to say

so, but a British inquiry into the Iraq war was superfluous from the start. Adults knew that there had been no lies and prevarications about weapons-of-mass-destruction intelligence after the publication in 2005 of the American Robb-Silberman Commission's findings. For better or worse, Blair attached his fate to Bush, Rumsfeld, and their generals. Junior allies in big wars have no other choice. Somewhere in Washington, preferably close to the British embassy, Americans ought to erect a tribute to Blair, probably their truest ally since Winston Churchill.

A serious British reflection on 9/11, the Iraqi tyrant, and Blair's decision to stand by the United States could have been done in 26,000 words, even allowing for Chilcot's odd speculations about Europe's willingness to continue to starve Saddam's regime, to deny it the resources to rebuild his war machine. There would even have been enough space for guesses on what the Middle East might have looked like if the Butcher had survived, on how many Iraqis would have perished if the Great Arab Revolt, which began in Tunisia and spread far and wide, had ignited in Mesopotamia, or on whether the Kurdish enclave could have survived Saddam's rebirth, even with American air support. Chilcot could have speculated on whether Washington could have held the line with Europeans, Russians, and Chinese eager to re-attempt a policy of engagement with Baghdad. Or whether the mullahs in Iran would have been inclined to slow their nuclear-weapons ambitions, let alone stop them as some in Europe and the Obama administration want to hope the Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action has done, if Saddam had survived. The Iraqi ruler was, after all, the inspiration for the Islamic Republic's clandestine quest for the bomb. It's a good guess that Iranian intelligence, too, didn't dissent from the CIA's estimate that the gentleman hadn't given up on active WMD programs.

At 26,000 words, it would have been a taut essay. But Chilcot, a civil servant rigorously trained to write memoranda, surely could have done it. ♦

Supreme Confusion

Eight is enough.

BY JAIME SNEIDER

Since Justice Antonin Scalia's death in February, the Obama administration and its allies have insisted that a failure to confirm D.C. circuit judge Merrick Garland to replace him would result in chaos. In the absence of an odd number of justices, the story went, the Supreme Court wouldn't be able to exercise oversight over the decisions of state and lower federal courts, which would end up promulgating inconsistent interpretations of federal law.

The reality has not matched the apocalyptic rhetoric. The justices tied in a whopping four cases in the Supreme Court term that just concluded, and they agreed unanimously in 39 of 81 decisions, nearly 20 percent more than in the preceding term.

If you assumed the Obama administration would welcome this consensus building and dial back its bombast, you would be mistaken. One of the four ties occurred in the immigration case brought by 26 states challenging a pair of executive actions President Obama took in 2014 to prevent nearly 5 million illegal immigrants from being deported. The tie left in place a court of appeals decision that held the president had exceeded his constitutional authority.

Following the Court's decision, President Obama declared, "Republicans in Congress currently are willfully preventing the Supreme Court from being fully staffed and functioning as our founders intended." No doubt the speechwriter who wrote this line—throwing the purported intentions of the Framers in the face of Republicans—patted himself on the back.

Certain legal academics joined the

hysteria. "The Supreme Court sits to provide uniformity of federal law and the supremacy of federal law," said Susan Low Bloch, a professor at Georgetown University Law Center. "When a case comes to it, and it decides it—or doesn't decide it—4-4, then it hasn't performed its function."

Never mind that even if the Senate had immediately taken up the president's nomination of March 16, there was no chance the vacancy would have been filled by the April 18 argument in the immigration case. Never mind that ties and vacancies are nothing new for the Supreme Court, and that President Obama and legal academics did not perceive them to be a threat to constitutional principles when Justice Elena Kagan recused herself from 28 cases, one-third of the total, in her first term. And never mind that Congress is free to alter the number of justices on the Supreme Court, that there is nothing special about having an odd number of justices, and that the Supreme Court is not under any obligation to resolve disagreements among the courts over federal law. Obama has weighed in, and he and his allies have intoned that the Senate's failure to promptly confirm a ninth justice to the Court is not just dirty politics, but contrary to an original understanding of the Supreme Court's role.

Lest anyone get away with believing that Justice Scalia is turning over in his grave because of the Supreme Court's inability to declare a uniform understanding of federal law, a brief history lesson is in order. As a preliminary matter, "The objective of assuring uniformity of federal law," law professor Robert N. Clinton has observed, "almost never manifested itself at the Philadelphia Convention and only rarely was raised during the

ratification debates." The notion that uniformity is essential to vindicate the supremacy of federal law is also belied by what cases the Supreme Court has historically been permitted to review. The Constitution provides that Congress may make exceptions to the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction, and while legal scholars debate the precise contours of this legislative power, we know that Congress need not allow the Supreme Court (or any federal court, for that matter) to review every case that poses a question of federal law.

The Judiciary Act of 1789, which the Supreme Court itself has said is "weighty evidence of [the Constitution's] true meaning," created exceptions to the Supreme Court's authority to review cases involving federal questions. While the law created the lower federal courts, i.e., district and appellate courts, it did not grant them jurisdiction to hear cases involving federal questions. (Later law did.) That meant in general state courts decided cases presenting federal questions. Equally important, the act only allowed the U.S. Supreme Court to review a state supreme court's decision regarding the content of federal law if the state supreme court denied the federal right. If the state supreme court vindicated the federal right at issue, the U.S. Supreme Court lacked the power to exercise appellate jurisdiction over the case.

By allowing states to adopt different interpretations of the same federal law, the Judiciary Act of 1789 in effect decentralized federal law. It also created an incentive for state courts to vindicate very broad notions of federal rights, as doing so insulated them from both the review of the U.S. Supreme Court and the state legislature. Together this defeats the notion that, as a matter of original intent, the U.S. Supreme Court had any inherent responsibility to establish a uniform understanding of federal law, that there must be a single understanding of federal law for it to be "supreme," or that the Court must have the last word when it comes to federal law.

Uniformity of federal law is not an

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artifact of the Constitution, but could one argue that the rise of interstate commerce and the federal administrative state in the 20th century rendered it a fundamental consideration? The answer, at least with respect to the U.S. Supreme Court's function, is no. The Supreme Court receives 7,000 to 8,000 petitions a year and decides about 80 cases. It is fiction to say the Supreme Court has the ability to resolve every disagreement of federal law. The fact that the Supreme Court of today (unlike that of 1789) exercises discretion over its docket underscores

that it has no obligation or responsibility to conform federal law to a simple meaning.

Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg told the *New York Times* in her recent interview that in the best case scenario, the Senate would confirm Judge Garland during the lame-duck session after November's election, but he would still miss most of the term's arguments. While President Obama may rue this result, there is no need to pretend the Senate's failure to act somehow abrogates the historic province of the Court. ♦

of conservatism, described it as an "inspiring 10-minute speech to the delegates, interrupted often by standing ovations and hitting conservative high notes on immigration and Iran." It "boosted the Air Force veteran to the front of the pack of 10 candidates."

There are two ways to get on the Republican primary ballot in Colorado. The first is by gathering enough signatures statewide. The second is by getting at least 30 percent of the delegates at the state convention to vote you on the ballot. Glenn stunned the Republican establishment by getting just over 70 percent of the delegates at the convention, locking out all the other candidates.

This caused chaos, as the remaining candidates fanned out across the state in a mad dash to collect signatures to get on the ballot, prompting a flurry of lawsuits about the validity of various petitions. It didn't matter in the end. Glenn ended up with 38 percent of the vote, an impressive victory in a five-way race.

But to say that his victory hinged on the speech shortchanges the man. He began campaigning hard well over a year ago, but lacking the name ID and financial backing of better-known candidates, he had to work the phones, knock on doors, and otherwise commit to canvassing the grassroots in ways that don't attract much attention. "We went to events where 15 people were there, and we were happy!" Glenn tells *THE WEEKLY STANDARD*.

Further, winning the convention wasn't a fluke—it was the strategy from the get-go. "When you have a 15-candidate field, I'm looking at it from the standpoint of having to make an investment in somebody," says Glenn. "So we were never shooting for the moon, we were realistic in what the expectations were. We knew exactly what it was going to cost to get through the assembly process, and we wanted to be able to use that to showcase how much it was going to cost in comparison to the other candidates ... who spent probably between three to four hundred thousand dollars to be able to petition and sue their way on the ballot. We just wanted to show a

Uphill, but Doable

Darryl Glenn's shoestring Senate race.

BY MARK HEMINGWAY

Colorado Springs
Darryl Glenn lives in a nice, but modest, home. A few trusted aides are running his U.S. Senate campaign from his dining room table. This is a quaint tableau of wholesome American politicking, but with the election four months away, it's a little disconcerting. Glenn won the Republican primary in Colorado on June 28. Colorado is one of the few chances the GOP has of unseating an incumbent Democrat, and Republican control of the Senate may hinge on Glenn winning. He's got to get a large campaign operation up and running fast.

The conventional wisdom—and let's face it, that phrase might be meaningless in 2016—was that Glenn would never make it this far. He's not the man the National Republican Senatorial Committee (NRSC) thought they'd be dealing with at this point, but they shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. On paper, he might be about as close to the perfect Republican candidate as you could imagine. He's a retired Air

Force lieutenant colonel, an attorney, and a former city council member in Colorado Springs, one of the biggest conservative strongholds in America. He's currently a commissioner of El Paso County, which encompasses Colorado Springs. His specialty in the Air Force was logistics, which has served him well in local politics. He's highly regarded for the leadership he exhibited in response to a series of dramatic floods and fires Colorado Springs experienced in recent years. And while it might be a superficial qualification, Glenn is black and the GOP is certainly in need of an image overhaul.

The fairytale version of Glenn's victory in the primary begins in April. Colorado has one of the most active and organized state Republican parties, and in such a competitive environment even a compelling candidate such as Glenn was a lesser-known figure. Glenn had one shot at making an impact, a speech at the state convention. He stepped up to the mike and proclaimed himself "an unapologetic Christian, constitutional conservative, pro-life, Second Amendment-loving American." The *Denver Post*, not given to encomiums on rousing professions

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very stark contrast for who you want managing your money.”

Glenn didn’t seal the deal entirely on his own. After he made a splash at the convention, he picked up a crucial endorsement from Ted Cruz. And perhaps more important, the Senate Conservatives Fund stepped in and spent \$600,000 on his behalf. While his shoe-string campaign desperately needed a cash infusion to put him over the top, the windfall is a decidedly mixed blessing. As Glenn wryly notes, the SCF and Republican Senate leadership “do not exchange Christmas cards.”

The SCF was founded in part by former South Carolina senator and current Heritage Foundation president Jim DeMint, who was well known for feuding with Mitch McConnell when the two were in the Senate together (McConnell was then minority leader). In 2014, the SCF sponsored a primary challenge to McConnell. The NRSC and McConnell responded by launching total war against any candidate who had the imprimatur of the SCF. McConnell told the *New York Times* the goal was to “crush them everywhere” and expressed hope the SCF wouldn’t have “a single [Senate GOP] nominee anywhere in the country.” The pitched battle escalated to an undeniably counterproductive point in key races in the last election cycle. Notably, McConnell went scorched-earth against Ben Sasse in Nebraska, who, despite the institutional opposition, won the GOP Senate primary in the state, carrying 92 of 93 counties.

Even though GOP control of the Senate and McConnell’s job as majority leader may hinge on Glenn winning in Colorado, his campaign is walking on eggshells. (Glenn has also picked up some key members of the campaign team that helped elect Sasse.) Glenn’s campaign aides believe the NRSC will come around to supporting them, but for now they’re not expecting a big influx of cash from the national GOP. At some point, Glenn says, “it’s important for me to sit down and have a conversation with the NRSC and say, ‘Guys, at the end of the day we’re on the same team.’”

In the meantime, the plan is to play

to Glenn’s strengths. He’s focused on grassroots campaigning—Senator Cory Gardner has been hitting the trail with Glenn, as have a couple of his GOP primary competitors. The thinking is that if Glenn keeps his head down and proves his viability, the national GOP will come around. It appears to be working. On July 11, the Republican National Committee’s morning email featured a glowing paragraph about Glenn’s efforts in Colorado.

Since Senate campaigns aren’t cheap, the final piece of the puzzle is to raise Glenn’s national profile, so they can expand his fundraising efforts well beyond the Centennial State. He’s started to make appearances on Fox News, and the fundraising numbers are encouraging so far.

Gardner raised a million dollars in the first 30 days after being nominated in 2014, and Glenn is on pace to do the same.

And speaking of playing to his strengths, the key to Glenn becoming a national figure may hinge on Glenn giving another speech. On July 3, Derrick Wilburn, founder of the Rocky Mountain Black Conservatives and vice chairman of the Colorado GOP, uploaded a video to YouTube addressing the presumptive Republican presidential nominee. “Mr. Trump, as a conservative, as a Republican party official, and as a personal friend of Darryl Glenn, I’ve got a request of you. Darryl Glenn needs to be on the stage in a primetime slot at the RNC,” he said. “Darryl and you together are a team that can help deliver an incredibly important swing state.”

Certainly, speaking at a convention has launched notable political careers, including that of the current occupant of the White House. As this article goes to press, a few days before the GOP convention in Cleveland, Glenn is tentatively scheduled to speak on July 18, the first night of the proceedings.

Glenn endorsed Trump on July 3 at the Western Conservative Summit in Denver, and given the wisps of racism swirling around Trump’s campaign, it would do Trump a world of good to

embrace and elevate a black conservative such as Glenn. Conversely, it might also raise eyebrows if Trump and the national GOP were inexplicably to keep him at arm’s length.

In the long term, it’s tough to say whether Trump being at the top of the ticket will be of much help to Glenn. In a Monmouth University poll taken July 9–12—after Hillary Clinton was denounced by FBI director James Comey—Trump was still trailing Hillary Clinton in Colorado 35 percent to 48 percent. In the same poll, Glenn trailed incumbent Democratic senator Michael Bennet by exactly the same margin. But Glenn had just won the primary and remains an unknown quantity in the state. Presumably, he

has real potential to rise in the polls.

Glenn still has plenty of opportunities to press his case. Bennet is a fairly milquetoast Democrat, and Glenn smartly plans to make the race a referendum on Washington. “You want to be

able to say it’s just like someone going in for a performance review. You hired someone to do a job, they met, and they performed. Now is their performance satisfactory, based on how they voted? . . . Is he doing a good job for you—yes or no?”

Glenn’s self-confidence stems from his belief that no other candidate can work harder than he will. Asked what Bennet’s weakness is, he doesn’t hesitate: “competing.” Glenn’s work ethic is evident just by looking at him. If elected, the 50-year-old—a three-time Collegiate National Powerlifting champion from his days at the Air Force Academy—would be the fittest man in Congress by a significant margin. Thankfully, a winning smile and positive attitude nearly make you forget that he’s literally an intimidating figure.

“We’re going to win this,” he says. “We’ve been very confident in this race because we believe we’re on the right side of the issues and . . . because we are willing to continue to go out and talk to people, and people appreciate that.” ♦



New Bottle, Old Whine

Taking the party for a ride

BY NOEMIE EMERY

Call it déjà vu, call it old whine in new bottles, call it a tale thrice told, perhaps by an idiot; there are a lot of things one can call this Republican political season, but new is not one of them. Been-there-done-that might be more like it.

It's been a generation or more, but we've seen outsider candidates take their parties on wild rides, grabbing the keys to the family vehicle, driving it into ravines and through fences, and bringing it back to the house with dents in the fenders and the headlights knocked out. History may not repeat itself but it rhymes, and couplets abound, what with futile establishments, fervent outsiders, and rancorous egos. Looking back, each of these episodes has a strange, dream-like aspect, as the participants seem to be careening towards catastrophes they see coming but cannot find ways to avoid. Each tells its own story of hapless futility. Let's look back at them closely and see.

Few establishments had ever seemed stronger than the Republican party's in 1963, led by Dwight Eisenhower, a beloved, two-term ex-president just three years out of office, and a cadre of golden-boy governors, including George Romney of Michigan and William Scranton of Pennsylvania, the last a particular favorite of the war-hero president. Early on, this group had pegged Barry Goldwater as a possible menace, the head of a group of Western conservatives whom Theodore White, the great chronicler of modern presidential campaigns, referred to as "primitives," seen as way too far to the right of the rest of the country and much too proactive in foreign affairs. But Goldwater was not the only contender the establishment planned to stop: They also feared New York governor Nelson Rockefeller, whom they considered too liberal and also quite certain to lose the election, having divorced his first wife to marry a much

younger woman (who in the course of separating from her first husband had left four quite young children behind). Believing that neither could win, but that both could set off a fight that divided the party, they planned to hold out for a unity candidate, whom all sides could rally around. But when asked to come up with a number of options, Eisenhower mentioned his Treasury secretary (Robert Anderson), Generals Lucius Clay and Alfred Gruenther, and his own brother Milton (who had never held office)—a list that showed his distaste for career politicians. This was emblematic of a much larger flaw that would later prove fatal: Knowing his success was based in the belief that he was antipolitical, Eisenhower feared most of all being seen as conniving, which led him at times not to give an endorsement, or to withdraw one within hours of it having been made. As White would explain, "conversations with Eisenhower . . . were to baffle and confuse" his more moderate allies, as he would prod them to run but refuse to endorse them. And having gotten the word direct from the general, "the distinction between being 'urged' to run and the implicit promise of support was always obscure" to them. In November 1963, he urged Henry Cabot Lodge to come home and run for president on a "common sense" platform. (Lodge had lost his Senate seat in 1952 to John Kennedy, who as president appointed Lodge his ambassador to South Vietnam.) Eisenhower's urging led people to think he had chosen his candidate—till just days later he made the same plea to Scranton, the patrician young governor. Through the winter and spring a plan evolved to let Goldwater and Rockefeller kill off one another, hinging on the critical primary in California, to be held on June 2. Rockefeller, who was then ahead in the polls, was expected to win, thus crippling Goldwater, and would head to the convention, where he would be blocked by the Goldwater forces, whose skills at delegate-hunting were strong. The deadlocked convention would then find itself in a quandary and turn, as a matter of course, to esteemed party leaders who would come forth with a man of their own.

As a result, the stop-Goldwater people mainly sat on their hands through the primary season, careful to offend or

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to irritate no one, in hopes that backers of both contestants would have no reason to go against them. Richard Nixon, who had lost the last election to Kennedy and who had hoped to emerge as a compromise candidate, said not a word. Neither did George Romney, nor did Scranton, who refused the plea of Pennsylvania senator Hugh Scott to endorse Rockefeller before California, as he hoped to meet two days after the primary with several other establishment leaders to plan their approach, once Rockefeller had won. The plan was inspired, the sole problem being that it would utterly fail to work out. On Friday, Rockefeller led in the polls by a margin of more than 10 points. On Saturday news arrived that his son, Nelson Jr., had been born in New York, forcing this then-dormant scandal back into the spotlight. The race was tied Monday. And on Tuesday, Goldwater won, 52-48, and headed toward the convention appearing unstoppable.

Instead of an impasse, and a plea from the party to step in and save it, the stop-Goldwater forces faced a scenario in which they would have to step in and oppose a proven frontrunner with impassioned support and a strong lead in delegates, for none of which they had planned. Providentially, the annual national governors' conference was scheduled to open in Cleveland just days later, presenting them with a rare chance to meet and to make future plans. On a Saturday morning, Scranton met Eisenhower, who urged him to run, gave him his blessing, and promised to be on his side. Saturday evening, the news reached Cleveland, where 12 other governors rallied behind him. Sunday morning Scranton arrived to a hero's reception, ready to go on *Face the Nation* to announce that he too would be running for president, and had the support of the beloved ex-president. But minutes before, he was called to the phone, where Eisenhower told him he did not have his blessing, that he feared he had made a mistake. He had not meant to say he would back Scranton for president. "The General wanted Bill to know that he could not be part of any 'cabal' to stop Barry," White informs us. "Bill was on his own."

Stunned, Scranton went on the program reeling with shock, wholly disoriented, and struggling to make sense of a new situation he had not had the time to absorb. "His arms folded, his eyes downcast . . . he stumbled through half an hour of awkward question-and-answer, taking refuge in 'principle,'" as White writes. "He felt strongly about the traditional principles of the Republican Party, but he did not feel strongly about stopping Goldwater. He was 'available'

for the nomination, but he would not fight for it. 'I don't plan to go out and try to defeat Senator Goldwater. I have no such intention,'" he said.

Two strange days followed in Cleveland, as the governors staggered about in a state of confusion, trying to scare up a stand-in for Scranton, as various prospects emerged, and then failed. Rockefeller was still divorced, still too liberal for most of the party, and still had lost California. Richard Nixon arrived, but had to wait for someone to ask him, which no one was doing. Several said they'd agree to a draft, but no one would start one. Romney had made a promise to the voters of Michigan not to run for president in his first term in office; he was afraid of the public's reaction if he broke his pledge. Lodge was away, and Eisen-

hower remained an uncertain trumpet, whose calls came and went. Wholly embarrassed, the mortified governors skulked out of Cleveland, but the drama was not quite done. Also mortified, Eisenhower and Scranton, perhaps unnerved at the beating they had taken from the press, used Goldwater's vote against the civil rights bill that was then before Congress as their excuse and/or reason to charge back into battle, sending

Scranton into a quixotic campaign that would quickly go nowhere, and end five weeks later at the convention, where the establishment handed its sword to the renegade senator from Arizona, who would go on to lose 44 states. Even then, Eisenhower substantially weakened this final doomed effort when he went back on his promise to publicly back the campaign. "The principles that moved the great Republican chieftains to their behavior . . . are difficult enough to define, but the personalities involved seemed determined to confuse them still further," as White reported, correctly. "The week before and the week after the California primary of June 2nd exposed all of them in the worst possible light." Truer words never were written, and for the first time a party establishment composed of accomplished and tested professionals had collapsed in the face of internal rebellion. As time proved, it would not be the last.

At least the Republican establishment had recognized Goldwater as a threat to their interests as early as 1962, even if they weren't able to do much to stop him when the time came to act. By contrast, it took Democrats until May 1972 to recognize the campaign waged by George S. McGovern—who was as far to the left as Goldwater had been to the right of the country,



Eisenhower and Goldwater at a GOP 'unity' meeting, August 1, 1964

and as much of a threat to their settled world order—as the critical challenge it was. Standing at 3 percent in the polls in January 1972, he seemed a blip on the screen next to Edmund Muskie, the heir apparent who had been the vice presidential candidate in the last outing and the one man to emerge from that sordid election with his moral stature enhanced. Unfortunately, he ran the classic campaign of a frontrunner, long on inevitability and short on ideas, with a huge office (called the Taj Mahal) on K Street in Washington that seemed to eat money, an office and a staff for every niche interest, and boards of advisers with experience going back to the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Everyone who was anyone (or wanted to be) had lined up behind him, as White reported. “By January . . . the parade of endorsements from the established leadership of the party had become so crowded that one of the chief problems was sequencing their dates with enough separation to get maximum press impact.” Muskie’s ascent seemed, as Jeb Bush’s did later, a *fait accompli*. “He had solid financial backing, a large and experienced staff, the endorsement of the party’s leading figures, the advice of the party’s sages, the affirmation of the nation’s pollsters. But if Muskie was long at the bank, and on the letterhead, he was short, depressingly short, in ideas.” Unwilling to risk his large lead, he dealt in evasions and platitudes, relying on the theme “Trust Muskie” that had been so effective four years earlier. But what hit the right note against Nixon and Agnew had rather less punch in a primary contest, and, as the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, and White himself noted, “People were willing to trust Muskie, but were asking . . . trust Muskie for what?” Weeks later, he indulged in a tirade in the snow of New Hampshire, where he seemed to shed tears, and his image and numbers would never recover. He still won the primary, but with 46 percent, 20 points down from his previous standing. McGovern was second, with a surprise 37 percent, which vaulted him into a position of top competitor. And from then on he did not look back.

What the establishment failed to see in McGovern was that he was not merely one man but the tip of a long spear of unfinished business, going back several years. The Democratic establishment in 1972 did not have the catastrophic dysfunction that the GOP had experienced eight years earlier, but what it did have was a willful blindness to the forces that whirled all around it and the currents that swirled round its feet. It did

not understand the bitterness that remained from Hubert Humphrey having been awarded the nomination in 1968 by the powers that were without getting one vote in the primaries. It did not understand what it meant that McGovern had been the stand-in for the late Robert Kennedy at that convention, or that Gary Hart, McGovern’s campaign manager, had left his law firm in Denver to campaign for Kennedy in 1968, or that Gene Pokorny, one of his aides, had come out of four years of student activism at his university, having moved from the civil rights to the antiwar movement, and then to the Eugene McCarthy campaign.

“A whole generation of American youth leaders was moving at the same time in the same direction,” White notes. “The decade of the sixties moved its campus political heroes on into national politics by the scores and the

hundreds, where they proceeded to act.” What they brought with them was an army of people willing to work on the ground in caucus and primary states and an openness to more modern forms of polling technology, of which the party leadership had remained ignorant, and with which it was not prepared to compete. It didn’t know that in 1971 Hart had worked out a primary schedule that focused on New Hampshire, Wisconsin, and California, or that in 1971 Pokorny was



From left, Eagleton, Humphrey, McGovern, and Muskie share the finale of the Democratic National Convention, July 13, 1972.

living full-time in Wisconsin and organizing the state so intensely that by March of the next year, each of the state’s 72 counties had a volunteer nucleus, paid organizers were staffing numerous storefronts, while “ten thousand unpaid volunteer workers were walking blocks and country roads, marking voters on precinct sheets . . . indicating the degree of pressure to be exerted to bring them out on primary day.” In California, the campaign’s operation was state of the art, “the most efficient technical apparatus ever fielded by any candidate in a primary,” with 283 storefront offices, 500 organizers from out of the state, precise polling that charted the movement of sentiment, and a system in which print-outs of names, on which volunteers coded questions and answers, were shipped to centers where computers “spat out and mailed a personalized form letter from George McGovern to each numbered respondent, addressed to that voter’s central concern.” By contrast, the campaign of Humphrey, the last establishment figure left standing, looked back to a long-ago era in which candidates relied upon unions, leaders of ethnic blocs, and machines in big cities to turn out their clients. It was at this point, just before California, with McGovern leading in most polls by double digits, that the institutional Democrats awoke to the fact that the party of

Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy was about to nominate a man who, despite his heroic record as a bomber pilot in the Second World War, had supported Henry A. Wallace in 1948 and deeply believed American power was a malevolent force in the world.

At the instigation of organized labor, at that time an anti-Communist and socially conservative institution, Humphrey took on McGovern in three debates, and in the course of them managed to rip him to pieces, forcing him to defend his very high-priced plan for a guaranteed national income and for partial withdrawal from world conflicts. He managed to drive McGovern's lead down from a 20-point spread to a 5-point margin, which served only as a tantalizing hint of what might have been had they wakened sooner to their plight. At the convention, it was another labor figure who came up with the idea of a rules change as the last chance to avert a catastrophe: "Why should McGovern claim all of California's 271 votes when he had won only 44 percent of the vote in the primary? If Humphrey, Muskie, Jackson, the labor forces, the Southerners all joined in a coalition to challenge the California delegation, McGovern might yet be stopped." McGovern's "opponents surely recognized the high cost of such tactics in a procedure-conscious age and knew that any other nominee would

not be regarded as legitimate by many voters and might face a third-party challenge," as Michael Barone writes in *Our Country*. "But they believed that McGovern's views on foreign policy were a genuine danger to freedom, and must be challenged and rebuked if at all possible. They could not yet be certain that he would lose to Nixon, and they were correct in thinking that he was genuinely different from their nominees of the past."

As with Scranton eight years before, it was too little, too late in the process to resonate. "In China years ago," wrote White (who had actually reported from China), "it was accepted that by the time the guerrilla forces surfaced in any province," the time had gone by to stop them. Before the regular forces arrived to confront them, the battle already was lost.

Too late" was also the problem for Republican regulars in 2016, when an aroused and energized large group of people rolled over a larger but diffuse and disorganized set of opponents, who had not seen their peril in time. Donald Trump's unique ability to tame, master, and co-opt the media gave him the sort of leg up over his many opponents that their mastery of modern organizational tactics gave the McGovern campaign

Let's Get Back to Business in 2016

By Thomas J. Donohue

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Two weeks of political theatrics are getting under way today as the Republicans convene for their party convention in Cleveland, followed by the Democrats next week in Philadelphia. This will be the presidential candidates' and their parties' big chance to establish their platforms and show the American people what they really stand for. Will they promote an agenda to support jobs, growth, and prosperity? Or will they advance more of the same failed policies that have delivered slow growth, the lowest labor participation rate ever, and falling incomes?

Throughout the conventions and for the rest of this election season, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce will be urging our leaders to get back to business—the business of spurring our economy, creating jobs, and spreading opportunity far and wide. To that end, we're promoting six core priorities for 2016.

Advancing Trade. Forget what the isolationists claim. In a global economy, trade supports U.S. jobs, expands consumer spending power, and helps America compete. We need more of it, not less.

Producing U.S. Energy. Our nation now has more proven energy reserves than any other country. If we tap those resources responsibly, we can create good paying jobs, attract manufacturing and investment to our shores, generate billions in revenue, and strengthen national security.

Fighting Overregulation. A tsunami of regulations are strangling business growth, investment, and hiring. We must restore balance and commonsense to the regulatory system so that businesses have the certainty they need.

Defending Our Financial System. Banks and other financial institutions are a popular punching bag these days. But they perform a critical function in our economy—without them, consumers couldn't get credit and businesses couldn't

get capital to operate.

Electing the Right Candidates. Want pro-growth policies? Then you better elect pro-growth leaders. The business community is supporting men and women running for the House and the Senate who are right on the issues and committed to governing.

Answering Attacks on American Business. U.S. businesses are coming under attack from the left and the right. But it's businesses that create jobs, offer benefits, drive the economy, and lead innovation. Business is not the problem. It's a big part of the solution to our nation's challenges—and we're going to stand up and say so.

The business community will have a powerful voice this election year. We are committed to getting the right people elected and the right policies in place to grow our economy and create jobs. Working together, we can get back to business in 2016.



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in 1972. But this year more closely resembles 1964, in that both egos and incredible errors of judgment by frequently sensible large personalities undercut, kneecapped, and shattered completely any chances to cohere around an opponent. In 1964, it was Eisenhower's last-minute phone call withholding full support from Scranton that snapped the back of the anti-Goldwater movement, following the risky decision to rely on California primary voters to stop the renegade senator. In 2016, it was too many people staying in much too long and ripping the innards out of each other (instead of the threatening outsider), leaving the outsider to glide by unopposed. What made Jeb Bush, out of office nine years and out of touch with the new set of pertinent issues, decide that a large field filled with fresher, more plausible figures required his presence at all? The effect of his entry was to cripple a number of younger candidates and provide the ideal target for Trump to play off of, as the outdated and listless establishment figure against which to wield his wrecking ball for change.

Second to Bush in the damage-done sweepstakes would be John Kasich, who had no chance of winning anything outside of Ohio but was an all-purpose drag on all of the others. Ted Cruz and Marco Rubio also suffered from self-inflicted injuries that sapped their vote-getting ability, Rubio having sponsored an immigration reform bill that enraged conservatives, and Cruz having stumbled in 2013 when he dragged his party into an ill-advised government shutdown. As a result, when he emerged as the last hope to stop Trump, most of his colleagues refused to support him, and he had trouble reaching people who were outside his own base. In the beginning, when Trump could have been stopped, the center-right ignored him, tearing each other to pieces, while Cruz played along with Trump at first in the hope that, as a fellow outsider, he could pick up Trump's voters if and when Trump collapsed. But Trump didn't collapse. Each step taken at each stage by the whole range of the entire not-Trump contingent ended up the wrong one, each guess mistaken, and every plan failed.

So what can we take from these sad little stories, as a guidebook to future campaigns? First, people do wait too long to recognize danger, and then are too often paralyzed by it. Second, it's easier to be for something than simply against it, no matter how unappealing that something may be. Positive force is direct and ferocious, negative force is diffuse and meandering. The insurgent force has one thing in mind, its own elevation; the people against it bring diffuse and conflicting unrelated ambitions. Which brings us to point number three.

Confronted with insurgencies, people wait too long to recognize danger, and then are too often paralyzed by it.

Political people are creatures of outsized ego, and none more so than the ones who see themselves as president. In their day jobs, they are surrounded by staff who function as courtiers. In their government jobs, they cooperate with one another; but a primary contest is entirely different, as the stakes are much higher, and only one among them can win. Each intends to be that one person. They do not want to work and to play well with others. They do not want to coalesce around others. They want others to coalesce around them. And so as it developed, each player in the 2015-16 primary field seemed to have a plot in his head in which Trump could be stopped by other people dropping out at just the right time and in just the right sequence for the votes and delegates to flow his way. They seemed very

put out when things failed to work out in this fashion. And so they hung on, often beyond the point when any hope remained.

One does not even have to be an actual candidate to let self-interest screw up a race. The stop-Goldwater movement was stalled at all points by Eisenhower's fear that if he were ever perceived by the public to have dabbled in politics, his pristine public

image would cease to exist. Thus, having pushed Scranton out in a doomed frantic effort, he *still* refused to endorse him in public. An irate Nelson Rockefeller asked him what he was doing. "The former President," White reported, "said he could not come out publicly, he had to preserve his influence." This was the man who had planned the invasion of Normandy, with his reputation secure, and no future in politics. "Acidly, Rockefeller inquired: For what?"

In spite of all their resources, the establishment forces, both fifty years back and now in the present, were never as strong as they seemed. Their resources are real, but all but impossible to coordinate and deploy, out of fear, out of blindness, out of complacency, out of self-interest, and owing to the inability of ambitious people to wholly abandon their dreams. "Together, the thirteen anti-Goldwater governors governed some 58 million Americans in the name of the Republican Party," as White wrote in his *Making of the President, 1964*. "The great cities, communities, and states they tended were of world-wide importance; their resources of talent and wisdom could shake the nation. Yet all of them, together, could find no way of shaping an alliance that might confront the legions . . . mobilized under the Goldwater flag." That's how it looked then from the outside, of course; from the inside it would be a whole other story. That's how it was in 1964, in 1972, and now in this cycle. And so it may be at some future moment, if the threat ever arises again. ♦

The Shadow of the Kingfish

Down-home dictator

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

It was Sunday, a month before Election Day 1932, and the Roosevelts were having a guest to lunch at their Hyde Park estate. When Eleanor Roosevelt greeted him at the door, the guest was dressed in a plaid suit that could politely be described as “loud.” The suit was complemented by a pink tie and a purple shirt. Mrs. Roosevelt escorted him to the dining room and seated him next to her husband. The guest then proceeded to lecture—or perhaps hector—the Democratic party’s presidential nominee. It went on for the duration of the lunch and at one point, Roosevelt’s mother, Sara, said in a voice loud enough to be heard up and down the table, “Who is that awful man?”

This didn’t seem to bother Huey P. Long. He had been called worse. Much worse. And by people who would have been happy to do more than shame him for his bad manners—who would have been delighted to kill him and dance on his grave.

As for the man who would soon be president of the United States, he saw past Long’s uncouth clothes and undisciplined mouth and got to the essentials. As he later said to one of his principal advisers, he considered Long to be one of the “two most dangerous men in America.” The other was General Douglas MacArthur.

It can be fairly assumed that Long never gave Roosevelt reason to revise that opinion. Or, for that matter, that he ever would have objected to that characterization. If he did, it was probably because he thought he had no rivals for the title and that the president should fear him far beyond any other. After all, he would soon be president himself.

He was known as the “Kingfish,” a name that came to him from the Amos ’n’ Andy radio show and stuck. The comedy character was all big talk, and Huey P. Long could, as they say, talk the bark off a tree. But he was also capable of action. Brutal, ruthless, and even sadistic action.

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But of course that is only part of the story. If there were no more to it, then Randy Newman would not be singing about Huey Long, decades after his death:

*Everybody gather round
Loosen up your suspenders
Hunker down on the ground
I’m a cracker
And you are too
But don’t I take good care of you*

*Who built the highway to Baton Rouge?
Who put up the hospital and built you schools?
Who looks after shit-kickers like you?
The Kingfish do*

Long has fascinated artists and biographers from the time of his death, and one suspects that it will never end. He was an American original, as T. Harry Williams made abundantly clear in his magisterial *Huey Long*, which came out in 1969 and won both a Pulitzer and National Book Award for biography. Forty years later, came Richard D. White’s *Kingfish*, which does not so much rival Williams’s book as complement it at half its length. Then, of course, there was Robert Penn Warren’s novel *All the King’s Men*, which won a Pulitzer in 1947. The film adaptation won the Academy Award for best picture in 1949. Broderick Crawford was named best actor for his role as Governor Willie Stark, Warren’s fictionalized Huey Long, and Mercedes McCambridge won best supporting actress as Sadie Burke, Stark’s indispensable aide and sometime lover. The story was told again, in film, in 2006, with Sean Penn playing Stark. It flopped, not least because the filmmakers decided—for reasons understood only in Hollywood—to set the action in the 1950s. Huey Long was purely a phenomenon of the 1930s. For him and his ambitions, the Great Depression was . . . opportunity. Perhaps even revolutionary opportunity.

Long had an instinctive, almost feral feeling for the wounds and woes suffered by the common man during those bleak years. In 1933 unemployment nationally reached nearly 25 percent. In Long’s Louisiana, if you were poor and lived in the rural portions of the state, life had been

plenty hard before the Depression. And then it got worse.

Long was not himself what was once called “poor white trash,” but he was not above encouraging people to think he was. Among the dozens of stories about his gift for empathetic and improvisational speech-making, there is one about how in the middle of a campaign speech, he asked the crowd of hard-pressed farmers, sharecroppers, laborers, and generally put-upon and burdened voters, “How many of you wear silk socks?”

No hands went up.

“How many wear cotton socks?”

When he saw hands raised in answer, Long raised a pant leg and showed the crowd that he, too, wore cotton socks.

“And how many of you have holes in your socks?”

The hands went up again, and now Long took off a shoe and showed the audience his big toe, sticking through a hole in his sock.

At that moment, and perhaps for evermore, the people in that audience were his. Even if they knew he wasn’t really one of them.

If he wasn’t born poor and could have worn silk socks from very early in his political career, it didn’t matter. Huey Long made the visceral connection and at its roots, it was pure. He felt the right resentments and hated the right people and institutions. From the beginning of his political career, he made the right enemies, including Standard Oil.

He had been a traveling salesman—a good one—and a lawyer—a combative one—before he ran for a seat on the Louisiana Railroad Commission in 1918. He was 25 and had found his true calling and his eternal enemy. He had his reasons, personal and political, which for Huey Long always amounted to the same thing.

A \$1,000 investment that he’d made when he was a young attorney had looked good for a while. There was oil where the company he’d invested with was looking. But Standard Oil, which did the all the storage and refining in Louisiana, refused to take oil from independent producers and Long, like many others, was wiped out. He never forgot nor, certainly, did he forgive. Later, when he was running for governor, he would charge Standard with being among “the world’s greatest criminals,” and he would point out that Louisiana’s farmers paid 40 times more in taxes than Standard Oil, on earnings of a third less.

He had run indefatigably for his seat on the Railroad Commission, a powerful agency that also regulated public utilities. His energy was legendary. He needed very little sleep, and he seemed to run at only one speed, flat out. In just two years he’d moved up to chairman of the commission and went after a telephone company that had raised rates some 20 percent. The case went all the way to the Supreme Court, where Long won. People who received their small refund checks from the phone company never forgot who had made it happen. Chief Justice William Howard Taft later said that Long was one of the best legal minds he’d seen appear before the court.

He was neither dumb nor a redneck, as some of his enemies—and he was making them quickly and by the bushel—wanted to believe. Those enemies tried to get rid of him, claiming he had abused his authority on the commission. It was not the last such effort.

He was a man in a hurry and in 1924, just 30 years old, he ran for governor. He would lose, everyone said, and lose badly. Then he would sink back into the obscurity from which he had emerged. But he campaigned like a demon. He crossed the state on its pitiful 300 miles of paved roads, which he made into a campaign issue, along with free schoolbooks for the children and increased taxation on Standard and the other big players. He made speech after speech. He was young,

lacking an organization, and he wore cheap, ill-fitting suits. But when he talked about how Standard’s lawyers had written the tax laws, and the political insiders in Baton Rouge were in the saddle and riding the common man into the dirt, he made people listen. The influence of the KKK became an issue in the election and he straddled it. He preferred, through his career, class war to race war, though it would be a long reach to call him “enlightened” on race.

He missed making it to a runoff by 7,400 votes. The next day, he bought a new suit and began campaigning for the office again. He’d never made any secret of his ambitions. He’d told his wife, just after they were married, that he would first run for some statewide office and when they knew his name, he would go for governor, then senator, and finally for president. And, of course, win.



He was both more energetic and more polished in his second run for the governorship in 1928. He had a slogan, borrowed from William Jennings Bryan, whom he admired: “Every man a king.” He was already relying on the themes he would work and rework for the rest of his life. For the common man, it was a stacked deck, in a rigged game, against a crooked house. Of the many speeches he gave in that campaign, there was one that stood out and is still talked about.

He gave the speech in St. Martinville, under the Evangeline Oak of the famous Longfellow poem. Long’s theme was not lost love, though, but betrayal.

And it is here, under this oak, where Evangeline waited in vain for her lover, Gabriel, who never came. This oak is an immortal spot, made so by Longfellow’s poem, but Evangeline is not the only one who has waited here in disappointment.

Where are the schools that you have waited for your children to have, that have never come? Where are the roads and the highways that you sent your money to build, that are no nearer now than ever before? Where are the institutions to care for the sick and disabled? Evangeline wept bitter tears in her disappointment, but it lasted only through one lifetime. Your tears in this country, around this oak, have lasted for generations. Give me the chance to dry the eyes of those who still weep here.

The worst fears of the establishment were realized when he finished first in the Democratic primary and by such a convincing margin that the runoff was conceded to him. A reporter at Long’s headquarters on primary night heard him say, loudly and exuberantly, “You fellows stick to me. We’re just getting started. This is only the beginning. . . . From now on, I’m the Kingfish. I’m gonna be president some day.”

But first, he had to be governor. And he meant to do what he’d said he would. The history of American politics is littered with the corpses of candidates who promised big and delivered small. Huey Long may have been a demagogue, but he meant to build roads and schools and hospitals and to get after Standard Oil. Not only was he not afraid of a political fight, he relished one. (Actual fistfights were another thing, and he would go out of his way to avoid those.)

So he went to Baton Rouge and got to work. He filled the government with supporters and cronies. It might be said that there was never an American politician who better understood the uses of patronage. He rammed bills through the legislature. To build the roads and bridges and supply the schoolbooks he had promised, he went after his old nemesis and proposed a 5-cent-per-barrel tax on the production of refined oil.

For his opponents who were, by now, many and fevered,

that broke it. They passed an impeachment resolution.

But Long had seen it before. “I was elected Railroad Commissioner of Louisiana in 1918, and they tried to impeach me in 1920. When they failed to impeach me in 1920, they indicted me in 1921. And when I wiggled through that, I managed to become governor in 1928, and they impeached me in 1929.”

Long stumped the state in his own defense and on the attack, against enemies old and new, including especially Standard Oil. They were, he said, handing out bribe money to the legislature in amounts of as much as \$25,000. It was, he said in an idiom unlike the one he used under the Evangeline Oak, “enough money to burn a wet mule.”

The Louisiana House passed out a dog’s breakfast of impeachment charges, but there was no trial in the Senate. Long had already secured commitments from the necessary one-third of that body’s members. They would not vote to convict, so there was no point in proceeding.

The impeachment failed but things had changed. If Long had played rough before, he was now prepared to play dirty. Ominously for that era, he began traveling with bodyguards.

Then he announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate in the 1930 campaign. There was already an occupant of that Senate seat. And Long was only two years into his term as governor. But he planned neither to resign as governor nor immediately serve as senator, if he won the election.

He would, he promised, resign as governor if he were *not* elected to the Senate. This was, of course, more threat than promise. Long viewed the Senate race both as a referendum on his service as governor and as a way to get his feet wet in Washington. Which didn’t mean he would be turning his back on Louisiana. He would still run the state while, in Washington, he ran for president.

He won in a landslide. Now his power in the state was of an entirely new magnitude, and it drove his enemies to greater fury. He continued to push his programs, including some that seemed like extravagances or personal vanities or both. He wanted a new capitol building in Baton Rouge so he built the tallest one in the entire United States: 34 stories. This, in a poor, rural, Southern state where many people still got along without electricity. But Huey wanted the capitol building and he got it.

He decided that Louisiana State University was underfunded and inadequate. So he threw himself passionately into a program to raise its profile, beginning with improving and enlarging the band and making the football team more competitive. He fired the coach, then rehired him. He gave locker room speeches to the team and walked the sidelines during games. He was the number-one fan.

And, in truth, LSU improved thanks to his attentions and not only on the football field. The university added a

badly needed medical school and generally raised the quality of the faculty.

He had put his mark on LSU and had, in fact, broken the state of Louisiana to his considerable and ferocious will. Now . . . it was on to Washington where the entire country would see him at work and make up its mind.

The mood of the times was right for the man. It was 1932. Herbert Hoover was still in the White House, and the Depression was deepening. Pessimism, and something more, was in the air. There was a sense that the old order of things might not survive, and Huey Long's presence in Washington and membership in the U.S. Senate was an indicator of this.

He rode the L&N *Crescent City Limited* from New Orleans to Washington, arriving on January 25, 1932, in the early morning. He took the oath of office and, in the Senate chamber, a desk that had once been John C. Calhoun's.

He stayed in Washington exactly one day, then returned to Louisiana to put down an attempt by the sitting lieutenant governor to assume the role of governor. That one was easy. He bought a house and launched a law practice and then, since it was Mardi Gras, he ordered the LSU band down to New Orleans, all 250 pieces. When he'd said he wanted the band to be big, Huey had meant . . . big.

He returned to Washington in February and immediately began making headlines and enemies. In early April he made a speech in which he argued for what became his singular cause, the crusade of his political life: Share the Wealth. The particulars would evolve but it came down to a radical redistribution of wealth. Fortunes would be limited to \$100 million. Incomes over \$2 million would be taxed at 65 percent. And so on.

Long made it personal, which was his way. He attacked Joe Robinson, the leader of the Senate's Democrats—nominally his party—as an ally of Herbert Hoover and then accused him of being in the grip of his corporate law clients back in Arkansas. Long went on to name those clients and then went after Robinson's looks, saying, "he doesn't look really as well with his hair dyed."

This was typical of Long, who enjoyed mocking opponents at a personal level. (One inevitably thinks of parallels with a current presidential hopeful.) He would give his opponents nicknames that his rural Louisiana audiences

found amusing. For instance, U.S. senator Joseph "Feather Duster" Ransdell, New Orleans mayor T. Semmes "Turkey Head" Walmsley, and Esmond "Shinola" Phelps, of the New Orleans family that published the *Times-Picayune* for decades.

That sort of thing was not appreciated in the Senate chamber, where Long plainly relished violating the heavy sense of decorum, thus offending all the right people and institutions, among them the *Washington Post*, which called for him to resign.

But he could be utterly serious when he had to be. This was an essential element of the Long mystique.

When the situation called for him to play the crude, ill-mannered redneck, he could do that and do it so none would think it an act. But when he needed to be sober, serious, and even scholarly, he could do that, too. As he did at the Democratic convention in Chicago in the summer of 1932, when two slates of delegates arrived from Louisiana. One of these was loyal to Long. The other represented his bitter enemies. The convention would decide which to recognize.

Long took to the podium with a stack of law books for a prop. He was not dressed in his usual colorful fashion. He wore, instead, a cream-colored suit. He made his case without the usual wild gestures and table thumping. As he spoke, the crowd—

which had begun by booing him—began to come around, and by the end of the speech he had them. The vote went his way and, later, Clarence Darrow complimented Long on one of the "greatest summaries of fact and evidence he had ever heard."

The convention nominated Franklin Roosevelt on a fifth ballot. During the fourth ballot, Long got in the face of a senator from Mississippi and threatened to "break" him if he allowed his state's delegates to vote as individuals rather than as a unit. This was the other Huey, not the one who had so impressed Clarence Darrow but the one who ran Louisiana with an iron fist and made sure no one forgot it.

Long could have run for president against Roosevelt as the candidate of the Farmer-Labor party. But he passed and campaigned hard for Roosevelt in the hope that FDR would support the Share the Wealth plan. Roosevelt had made the right noises. He had, in fact, talked about "the forgotten man at the bottom on the economic pyramid."

Long also, no doubt, saw the Farmer-Labor candidacy as a losing proposition and sensed that it was not yet his



Long, right, presents his Senate credentials to Vice President Charles Curtis, 1932.

time. But this did not mean his time might not come soon.

Unsurprisingly, not long after Roosevelt's inauguration Long's patience with the president began running out. But, then, Huey was an impatient man. He pushed his Share the Wealth plan, which was far too radical for Roosevelt and might, indeed, have been too radical for anyone until the advent of Bernie Sanders. The scheme called for heavy and escalating taxation on fortunes of more than \$1 million. A limit of \$5 million on inheritances. (Long believed the Bible sanctioned this, and that taxing estates was protection against the accumulation of great fortunes.) He called, additionally, for a \$1 billion program to pay college tuition for needy students.

It was extreme and radical and—according to the economists who studied it—impossible. It would require confiscation of incomes over \$4,000 in order to provide guaranteed subsidies of \$1,400 to the poor. The plan was widely dismissed as impractical and utopian.

But not to Huey Long and not to his growing national following. As Roosevelt's New Deal attempted to gain traction against the Depression, Share the Wealth looked like a promising alternative to people who were struggling. So Huey created a Share Our Wealth Society and gave a nationwide radio speech to launch it. He urged listeners to “join with us.” And people did. There were 3 million members by the end of 1934 and more than 7.5 million members of 27,000 local clubs by summer 1935.

Long was soon receiving more mail than all the other senators combined. Additional help was hired to handle all this volume and to run the organization. To this end, he recruited Gerald L. K. Smith, then in the advent of a career as an orator and radio evangelist. Smith preached the Gospel of Anti—anticommunism, antisemitism, anti-New Deal. And he was good at it. Very good.

H. L. Mencken wrote, “Gerald L. K. Smith is the greatest orator of them all, not the greatest by an inch or a foot or a yard or a mile, but the greatest by at least two light years. He begins where the next best leaves off.”

Huey recognized Smith's gift, saying he was “the only man I ever saw who is a better rabble-rouser than I am.”

Smith was a force himself but a sycophant to Long. When he concluded one of his rallies, Smith would say, prayerfully, “Lift us out of this wretchedness, O Lord, out of this poverty. . . Rally us under this young man who came out of the woods of north Louisiana, who leads us like a Moses out of the land of bondage into the land of milk and honey.”

While Smith was the public face of Share Our Wealth, Huey was the soul and the muscle and the man who might become president if he ran in 1936. The times were right for demagogues and dictators. It was the age of the strongman. Mussolini in Italy. Hitler in Germany. And, perhaps, Long in America.

He seemed, increasingly, like he belonged to the breed. In summer 1934, he had sent troops armed with rifles and machine guns into New Orleans to settle one of his many political battles. The *New York Times* reported, “Huey P. Long became de facto dictator of this state at noon today and immediately began acting the part.”

Long had ordered the troops in because, he said, “Hasn't a governor got the right to protect a state office with the militia if he wants to?” On other occasions, he referred to a need to “preserve law and order,” which only drove his enemies to great fury.

Hodding Carter II, whose career in journalism made him into something of a legend as an enlightened voice from the primitive South, wrote that Long was “the first true dictator out of the soil of America.”

Roosevelt feared him, which accounts for IRS and FBI investiga-

tions that turned up all manner of corruption in Louisiana. This was no more surprising than if the Department of Agriculture had discovered that crawfish thrived in the bayous.

The investigations never came up with anything on Long, though they might have, given a little more time.

But time ran out for Huey Long on September 8, 1935, when a young doctor managed to get close, in spite of the bodyguards, as Long walked a corridor in the capitol building. The doctor got off one shot. Huey's bodyguards took him down in a fusillade. He had dozens of gunshot wounds in his shredded body. The one wound he inflicted, though, a small-caliber one at that, was enough to finish Long, who died two days later.

Two hundred thousand people attended his funeral. Had the song been written by then, they might have raised a chorus from Randy Newman's ballad to the Kingfish,

*Who took on the Standard Oil men
And whipped their ass
Just like he promised he'd do?
Ain't no Standard Oil men gonna run this state
Gonna be run by little folks like me and you
Here's the Kingfish, the Kingfish
Friend of the working man
The Kingfish, the Kingfish
The Kingfish gonna save this land.*



Long surrounded by members of the National Guard, circa 1934



Sir Paul McCartney, Super Bowl XXXIX (2005)

Love Me Do

Was Paul McCartney the real John Lennon? BY ANDREW FERGUSON

A bit past the midpoint of the last century, roughly from early 1967 to late 1969, a sizable number of human beings believed that Paul McCartney was the coolest man who ever lived. Compared with your average world-historical claim, this one was not unreasonable.

The evidence was strong. At 25, Paul McCartney was in the bloom of youth and one of the most famous men in the world. He was engaged to Jane Asher, the prettiest actress in Britain. The clothes he wore were unlike anyone else's, Savile Row classicism tweaked with hippie casual.

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Paul McCartney
The Life
by Philip Norman
Little, Brown, 864 pp., \$32

He had a farm in the Scottish highlands and a mansion in St. Johns Wood and a bungalow on call at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Wherever he went he left behind him puddles of adoring fans, to whom he was unfailingly kind. Academics wrote complicated, awestruck articles about his talent. His fellow musicians revered him. He drove an Aston Martin DB5 and owned a sheepdog straight from the pages of *Dog Breeders' Bible*. He was richer than Croesus. And of course he was producing the most gorgeous pop-

ular music any of us could have hoped to hear. He was a Beatle.

McCartney's youthful reputation may surprise anyone under the age of 50, certainly anyone under the age of 30. Paul McCartney has become their generation's version of George Jessel—the world's “toastmaster general,” an antique, unavoidable showbiz figure of long-ago achievement who pops up at every halftime extravaganza, charity concert, royal jubilee, White House PBS special, and lifetime award ceremony. You can almost hear the conversation in the promoters' office: “You mean we have to let him sing ‘Hey Jude’ *again*?”

The descent from coolest-man-who-ever-lived to latter-day Jessel began not long after the Beatles broke

HARRY HOWE / GETTY

up in 1970. McCartney's decline wasn't commercial; he was far the most successful of the post-breakup Beatles. The problem was commercialism itself, oozing out in a series of boneless hits like "Let 'Em In" and "Silly Love Songs" and—the hands quiver to type the words—"Wonderful Christmastime," the most annoying song ever written about our most annoying holiday. McCartney's true decline in stature took place, instead, in the rarefied precincts beyond commercial culture, in the estimation of critics, hipsters, and the swelling ranks of boomer academics who managed to turn their teenage passion for rock music into a simulation of a scholarly discipline. (Academics who write about pop music are like sex researchers or vice cops: They disguise their unseemly obsession by pretending it's a job.)

And as McCartney sank, his former bandmate John Lennon ascended—the "smart Beatle" (Paul was the "cute Beatle") blossomed into an intellectual and wordsmith, a politically sophisticated artist who was in touch with the avant-garde and unafraid to push the boundaries of the bourgeoisie. Lennon's mellow, preposterous anthem, "Imagine," which never seems to go away, supercharged his reputation. His bloody martyrdom in 1980 sealed the deal. And cool Paul faded from memory.

But Philip Norman remembers. He was one of those besotted by the McCartney of the late sixties. A man can react to the overwhelming, field-sweeping coolness of another man in one of two ways: He can look on in stunned admiration or go green-eyed with envy. Back in the sixties, by his own admission, Norman chose option number two. In a foreword to his new, long, and not-particularly-necessary biography, Norman says that he spent much of his early journalism career—he's near McCartney's age—ardently wishing he could "swap lives" with the Beatle. He would have killed for the car. And for Jane Asher.

The ill will—all going in one direction—was a motive force behind Norman's first Beatles book, a four-sided biography called *Shout!* published a few weeks before John Lennon's death.

It is still in print 36 years later, still judged to be the definitive biography of the Fab Four. In Norman's account, McCartney appeared as a manipulative, hypocritical cutie-pie whose cunning and guile managed to obscure his relative lack of talent and Lennon's position as the cornerstone of the band's greatness. Promoting his thesis, Norman told interviewers that Lennon hadn't been one-quarter of the Beatles, he'd been three-quarters—leaving the last quarter, presumably, to be divided between Paul and George Harrison, with some microscopic fraction going to poor Ringo. McCartney took to calling the book *Shite*.

Now, with his new biography, Norman has reassessed. He dismisses his earlier anti-McCartney hostility as a kind of derangement, almost an instance of Freudian projection. He writes: "Actually, if I'm honest"—always the best policy for a biographer—"all those years I'd spent wishing to be him had left me feeling in some obscure way that I needed to get my own back." It took a while for his change of heart to take hold: In 2008, he published a biography of Lennon (also grandly subtitled "The Life") and McCartney didn't come off too well then, either, in contrast to Lennon, "the Beatle who had made us all think, the John Lennon who lifted us onto a higher plane of consciousness."

Every benefit of doubt was granted the thinking Beatle, always to the cute Beatle's disadvantage. Here, for example, is how the Lennon biography describes Lennon and McCartney's relationship with a music publisher and his publicly traded company:

So long as Lennon gave an appearance of being as house-trained as McCartney, the future of Northern Songs was rosy. But once John's individuality asserted itself ... the share price began to wobble alarmingly.

"Asserting his individuality" is a tidy euphemism. What Norman means is that Lennon and his new wife, Yoko Ono, were holding weeklong press conferences from their honeymoon bed, releasing an album with a cover

photo of the two of them naked—truly the stuff of nightmares—and releasing a 51-minute slow-motion film of Lennon breaking into a big grin. I'd sell my shares, too.

In this new McCartney biography, however, Norman describes the same events like this: "Latterly, as John's behavior had become more and more erratic—and especially since he'd teamed up with Yoko—[the stock price] had begun to fluctuate alarmingly." This is much fairer and more accurate, and Paul is spared the snooty accusations of being "housetrained" simply because he wanted to keep the shareholders happy.

Having helped in the demolition, the aging Norman has now taken on the role of repo man, suggesting that, in *Shout!* and elsewhere, he and everyone who agreed with him got it wrong: "I've been able to uncover a Paul McCartney very different from the one the world thinks it knows," he writes. The facts are hard to dispute. Lennon first formed the group that grew into the Beatles, but after the band stopped touring in 1966 and became creatures of the recording studio exclusively—which is to say, when they did their most enduring music—the Beatles were McCartney's band.

Even back in Liverpool, he brought discipline and a showbiz gloss to the enterprise. From the start, he pushed for more rehearsal time and broadened their song selections, making the little skiffle band eligible for a wider variety of gigs. McCartney was the first to suggest that they all don uniforms; these evolved from cowboy shirts and string ties to all-black T-shirts and jeans to the collarless suits and pointy boots they were wearing when they caught the world's attention. You can't imagine (if you'll excuse the expression) the Beatles performing in blue jeans or street clothes. Their seemingly limitless appeal, spanning generations, would have disappeared if they had fallen into the black hole of "authenticity" that swallowed so many late-sixties bands and dated them instantly. There's something timeless about singing "I'm Happy Just to Dance With You" in coat and tie.



John Lennon, Paul McCartney (1963)

Meanwhile, as Norman shows, the work of his colleagues would be unimaginable without him; the reverse, however, is not true. He designed their album covers. He produced the idea for *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts*. The witty and stinging guitar parts from that album aren't Harrison's but McCartney's. Lennon's most popular song with the Beatles, "Come Together," was a wan ripoff of Chuck Berry's "You Can't Catch Me" until McCartney introduced the bass riff that defines the record. He put together the "suite" on Side Two of *Abbey Road*. Only years later did it come out that what many of us took to be Ringo's greatest performance—the frenetic drum-

Much of the Beatles' identity was the work of their manager, Brian Epstein, whom Norman credits with "an unerring instinct for the classy." But it was McCartney who ensured that the music, too, would sound ageless. At the start, Lennon and Harrison's taste ran to rock 'n' roll rave-ups and doo-wop, and not much beyond. McCartney's father had been a player in a jazz band before World War II and he passed along to his son a reverence for pop standards to sit alongside the boy's love for Elvis and Little Richard. Paul's favorite song lyric, says Norman, was by Lorenz Hart: "Don't change a hair for me / not if you care for me."

"I wasn't necessarily looking to be a rocker," McCartney said later. "When I wrote 'When I'm 64'—at the age of 16!—"I thought I was writing a song for Sinatra." The Beatles catalogue is littered with what Lennon called "Paul's granny shit," throwback ditties like "Your Mother Should Know" and "Honey Pie" that the other members of the band despised. Still, the songs suggested a wide-ranging musical curiosity and a sense of the past that no other rock band had shown. The cross-fertilization of English music-hall

songs, Broadway show tunes, and early, mostly African-American rock 'n' roll bred songs not quite like anything that had come before. The art was at once adventurous and accessible.

And it's McCartney's doing, nearly all of it. In his life outside the Beatles, he was what critics took Lennon to be. Settling down, John and his other bandmates bought houses in the "stockbroker belt" in the London suburbs, embodying the bourgeois ideal and watching lots of TV until McCartney roused them to make another record. He bought the mansion in St. Johns Wood and lived the life of an arty bachelor in Swinging London. He subsidized an underground newspaper, invested in avant-garde galleries, befriended modernist composers like Karlheinz Stockhausen and John Cage, and built a private art collection filled with Magrittes and de Koonings. As the avant-garde scene flourished in London, much of it under McCartney's sponsorship, it drew castoffs from New York. Among them was Yoko Ono, who was told that if she wanted a Beatle to invest in her "innovative" work, she should try McCartney. He declined and directed her to Lennon. The rest is herstory. Thanks, McCartney.

ming behind the last verse of "Dear Prudence" from the White Album—was played by Paul. We could go on and on.

Will Norman's repo job succeed? It's a stubborn myth, this idea of a progressive, hyper-talented John Lennon dragging the ball-and-chain of Paul McCartney into musical greatness. The myth rankles McCartney even now—even after his solo success, after his knighthood, after the endless sold-out tours that continue to gross more than \$100 million a year. "A lot of the artistic and creative things that John got credit for were done by Paul," his late wife Linda once said. "He still resents it." And how: "I started to get frustrated," McCartney said last year, "because people started to say, 'He was the Beatles.'" His most recent album featured a song, "Early Days," in which McCartney picks at the scab. It's not a very good song, but anyway:

*Now everybody seems to have their
own opinion
Who did this and who did that
But as for me I don't see how they can
remember
When they weren't where it was at
And they can't take it from me if they try
I lived through those early days . . . ♦*

In History's Court

Seven decades on, holding the Third Reich to account.

BY MICHAEL M. ROSEN

The death this month of Elie Wiesel left a gaping moral and historical void that widens daily as the ranks of the generation of Holocaust survivors continues to thin. But in *The Nazi Hunters*, Andrew Nagorski fills that void, blending key documentary evidence with over 50 interviews of central figures in a comprehensive treatment of the dogged men and women whose heroic efforts restored a measure of justice to millions of murdered souls.

The book begins with an examination of the postwar tribunals at Nuremberg and Dachau, where dozens of high-ranking Nazis were tried, and sometimes executed, mostly at the hands of the victorious Americans. Nagorski also ably documents the unlikely collaboration of Fritz Bauer, a German Jew, and Jan Sehn, a Polish Catholic, in locating and prosecuting some of the most notorious war criminals. Cooperating “across the Iron Curtain,” Bauer and Sehn “viewed their mission as one of not only punishing the perpetrators but also setting out the historical record—providing the foundations for educating current and future generations.”

Bauer confronted suspicion, before and after the war, as a disloyal Jewish German, a Social Democrat, and closeted gay man; but he built a judicial and prosecutorial legacy that only recently has gained proper appreciation. The orchestrator of the “Frankfurt Auschwitz trials” that revealed to the German public the full extent of Nazi depravity, Bauer also passed along a key tip to Israel’s Mossad in 1957 that led to the capture in Argentina of Adolf Eichmann three years later. By

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The Nazi Hunters

by Andrew Nagorski
Simon & Schuster, 416 pp., \$30



Adolf Eichmann on trial (1962)

telling the Israelis that “I won’t reject the idea of your getting him to Israel in your own way,” Bauer, by then an officer of the West German court, effectively green-lit what would become Operation Eichmann.

In retelling the riveting story of the location, identification, and capture of Eichmann—a tale of false pretenses, false identities, and false mustaches that stretched across three continents and entailed serendipities too numerous to recount—Nagorski relies on previously published accounts but adds his own flourishes. For instance, in a stirring interview, Mossad bigwig Rafi Eitan recounted the moment he physically lifted Eichmann off a Buenos Aires street into a waiting car. Having received a pep talk from his boss stressing that “for the first time in history, the Jews would judge their assassins,” Eitan and his team stalked their quarry one May evening on a quiet Argentine street, distracted him with a few words in Spanish, and wrestled him to the ground, taking care to avoid injuring him while stifling his screams.

Nagorski deftly chronicles and assesses the conduct and fairness of the various Nazi trials, most prominently the prosecution of Eichmann in Jerusalem. There, while world opinion initially deplored Israel’s efforts to abduct and try Heinrich Himmler’s chief accomplice, the transparency and impartiality of the proceedings grudgingly won global approval. And along the way, Nagorski grapples with the age-old question first raised by Hannah Arendt: Were Eichmann and his ilk merely following orders, or did they harbor a murderous anti-Jewish animus that motivated their depredations?

After a careful reckoning with primary and secondary evidence, Nagorski concludes that Eichmann was “both a careerist in a totalitarian system, willing to do anything to please his superiors, and a virulent antisemite who reveled in his powers to dispatch his victims to their deaths, systematically tracking down anyone who sought to elude the Nazi net.”

Nagorski also recounts his own research, in the 1980s for *Newsweek*, into the wartime conduct of Kurt Waldheim, the onetime U.N. secretary general whose successful campaign for the Austrian presidency was marred by allegations that he’d abetted Nazi atrocities. In addition, he devotes attention to several other (mostly non-Israeli) Nazi pursuers—notably Simon Wiesenthal, the dean of Nazi hunters whose sympathy for Kurt Waldheim flowed partly from his stringent anticommunism—whose objectives and personalities often clashed. As Nagorski explains, these characters “often have been at odds with each other, prone to recriminations, jealousies, and outright rivalries, [which] undoubtedly weakened their effectiveness.”

Even so, the efforts of these tireless men and women struck many blows for justice the world over. And in the end, these Nazi hunters “demonstrate[d] that the horrendous crimes of World War II and the Holocaust cannot and should not be forgotten, and that those who instigated or carried out those crimes—or others who may carry out similar crimes in the future—are never beyond the law, at least in principle.” ♦

Transatlantic Hounds

There was only one way to prove which was better.

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

Some disputes simply cannot be resolved by rational debate but must be settled in the field, and by blood. Alabama and Auburn people can, for instance, argue 364 days of the year about which “program” is superior. Then, on the 365th, all the calls to Paul Finebaum’s radio show will be forgotten and the test of arms will be conclusive.

So it was in 1905 when the burning issue was—which was the superior foxhound: the one bred according to British standard, or the more recent version that had come along in what many a fox-hunting man back in the mother country still surely thought of as “the colonies.” There were two fox-hunting men who advocated for their dogs and arranged a showdown. In Virginia. And in that part of the state, to be precise, that is known as “hunt country.”

While fox-hunting, then and now, is not exactly a widely popular spectator sport, the thing stirred up interest beyond the pastime’s insular world. The match was set for November, and as Martha Wolfe writes:

Throughout the summer, north and south and back and forth across “the puddle,” debate raged and the respective camps swelled. *The Washington Post*, *The New York Herald*, *The New York Post*, *The Boston Herald*, *The Boston Evening Transcript*, *The Baltimore Sun*, *The Richmond Times Dispatch*, and *The London Times* kept a running commentary.

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The Great Hound Match of 1905

Alexander Henry Higginson,
Harry Worcester Smith,
and the Rise of Virginia Hunt Country
by Martha Wolfe
Lyons Press, 224 pp., \$22.95



Alexander Higginson (left) at the Great Hound Match

Prize money was put down on the table: one thousand dollars from each side, winner take all. The rules were agreed upon and the crux of them was that whichever side’s dogs killed more foxes would be declared the winner. There were judges named to enforce the rules. And the thing was on.

On the side of the British hounds there was Alexander Henry Higginson, whose pedigree stretched back across the Brahmins of New England and included a great-grandfather who “was a ship owner and Massachusetts delegate to the Constitutional Congress in 1783.”

Alexander himself was not inclined to go out and add to the accomplishments of his line in the traditional way; he was all about sport. Snarkers might call it “idleness,” but what do they know? Fox-hunting, after all, was the pastime of royalty, among whom idleness had always been a virtue and honest work considered, well, vulgar.

That the British side in the dispute was advanced by an American might seem odd. But then, no actual fox-hunting Englishman would deign even to consider the question. As the author writes, “If asked to match his hounds against a pack of American hounds, an Englishman would have (politely, behind closed parlor doors, among fellow Englishmen) laughed in the American’s face.”

Well, there are American Anglophiles; but there are Anglophobes, too. And one supposes that 1905 would have been a good year for them: Great Britain still ruled the waves and the sun never set, etc., but Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House and America was on the rise and on the march and full of a kind of confidence and arrogance typified by one Harry Worcester Smith, the advocate for the American-bred hounds. Smith was a prototypical capitalist of the can-do school, aggressive and blustering and full of a righteous belief that competition was something approaching life’s essence. And he prospered, as

Wolfe writes, “in what we call industrial consulting or mergers and acquisitions—conglomerate building—which he named ‘harmonizing.’”

So the antagonists could not have been much more unlike in temperament. And they manifestly did not like each other—so much so that, a few decades earlier, the thing might have been settled on a dueling field, between the two of them. But, it wasn’t really about them; it was between the dogs. (The foxes figured in there somewhere but they carried no nation’s flag or pride: They were not running for the

COURTESY OF MARTHA WOLFE

honor of foxes, merely for their lives.)

Higginson's British dogs (American, actually, but bred to English standards) were trained to hunt almost as a unit and to conform, obediently, to the commands of a human leader. They tended to remain relatively close together, which certainly added to the enjoyment of the humans riding along behind who could see—and hear—the dogs and follow along behind the chase.

American dogs were inclined to run the country and to go pretty much where they wanted to go, which meant that they were often not merely out of sight but out of hearing as well. They were bonier and rangier than their British counterparts. It doesn't require much imagination to see the British hounds as equivalent to redcoats marching to battle in orderly ranks and the American dogs as lean frontiersmen clad in buckskin and fighting from ambush and on the run.

When the great showdown finally occurred, the dogs performed as they were bred. The English hounds stayed in tight formation and responded obediently to commands. The American dogs behaved in the fashion of that famous son of nearby soil, the Confederate cavalryman J.E.B. Stuart. Which is to say, they went where instinct and impulse drove them to go.

All this happened a long time ago and Martha Wolfe, obviously, was not a witness. But she does a fine job of recreating the wild rides across the Virginian countryside and the enmity between the rival humans. She does, however, sometimes try for her book to carry more weight than it should. We are talking here, after all, about fox-hunting, dogs, and horses, so meditations on the theory of relativity and the *fin de siècle* can seem a little strained. At one point, she asks (rhetorically): "Could it be that our Match, our contest of men on horseback and their foxhounds in the Virginia countryside, was also an exposition, an illustration of the central conflict in the regeneration myth: spontaneity versus authority, release versus control?"

Well, one thinks, maybe—and maybe not. And can we now, please, get on with the competition and learn who

wins? For this, the reader keeps turning the pages and, in the view of this reviewer, it's well worth the effort. It is also wrong to give away the ending here. I can reveal, however, that while

one breed of dogs won, and the other lost, the foxes did better than anyone might have expected. And some readers might have been pulling for them all along. ♦

BCA

Strutting and Fretting

Four hundred years after his death, Shakespeare rules London.

BY DOMINIC GREEN

London

Four hundred years ago, on April 23, 1616, William Shakespeare, having stayed up late in a "merry meeting" with some old friends, died of a fever. He stayed up late on a damp spring night, caught a chill, and died shortly afterwards. Much has happened in England since then, and since Shakespeare's 400th birthday in 1964. In the 17th century, Shakespeare was not classical and clever enough; now he is too white and too difficult. Which Shakespeare did we see in this spring's anniversary festivities? Is our Shakespeare authentic, or is authenticity merely another bit of ideological flotsam.

These questions are sharpened by developments on and off stage. The United Kingdom, an 18th-century polity, is going the way of King Lear and devolving into three kingdoms. The English, who spent centuries defining everybody else, are floundering to define themselves. The Welsh and the Scots now have national assemblies. Northern Ireland has "power-sharing." But the English, the people who invented parliamentary democracy, have no national chamber.

Beyond the "rocky shore" of the "scepter'd isle," the European Union has attracted and repulsed the British in equal measures. There is, as Brutus tells Cassius, "a tide in the affairs of

men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The fortune of modern Britain was made by Thatcherite deregulation and the affairs of the City of London, not the regulators of Brussels, who have stranded the eurozone in "shallows [and] miseries." And on June 23, two months to the day after the Shakespeare anniversary, the British voted to leave the EU.

Shakespeare is central to Englishness. Not just because he was the laureate of the age in which England defined itself as a mercantile Protestant state, at odds with Europe and at large in the Atlantic. Shakespeare is in the fabric of the English language and wove more of it than any other writer—more even than the team of contemporaries who translated the Authorized Version of the Bible. When we speak English, we are quoting Shakespeare, whether or not we "give the devil his due" (*Henry IV, Part One*).

The image of Shakespeare is made from what is in our minds and reflects what is on our minds. The fact that Shakespeare died on St. George's Day only became significant in the patriotic 18th century. Before the 1850s, no one believed that Shakespeare had not written the works of Shakespeare. The idea that "Shakespeare" was not a middle-class glover's son, but a pseudonym for one blue-blood or another, is a compensatory fantasy from the age of the bourgeois revolution. In our time, the "sound and fury" of the Internet has multiplied the ranks and delusions of the Oxfordians, the champions of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.

Dominic Green, who teaches politics at Boston College, is the author of The Double Life of Dr. Lopez: Spies, Shakespeare, and the Plot to Poison Elizabeth I.



'The Tempest' on the South Bank

Meanwhile, the age of organic food and period orchestras has produced Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, a modern replica built on the site of the original and dedicated to authentic performances of the plays.

In 1964, the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, the sixties had hardly got going. Sexual intercourse, Philip Larkin recalled, had only just begun, "Between the end of the *Chatterley* ban / And the Beatles' first LP." As London was not yet Swinging, most of the birthday celebration took place at Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon. The Royal Shakespeare Company performed the entire cycle of history plays. The Shakespeare Centre, a museum and visitor center, opened to polite applause. The ancillary entertainments included John Dankworth and Cleo Laine's *Shakespeare and All That Jazz* and one of Anthony Burgess's best novels, *Nothing Like the Sun*. The tone was lowered only by the atrocity that is English folk dancing.

The RSC performed the history cycle for the death-iversary too. This time, though, they warmed up their Richards and Henrys in Stratford, then took them to London, Hong Kong, China, and New York. This year's hit Shakespeare book, *The Year of Lear*, was written by James Shapiro of Columbia University. The Globe sent a company on a two-year world tour. After playing *Hamlet* in almost every country on the planet, they came home for the anniversary weekend.

If the Shakespeare business has become ever more global, in Britain it has become ever more local. London was the center of this year's festivities, especially if you were a visitor, not a native. In part, this reflects Shakespeare's life, which only began and ended in Stratford. It is also what happens when an artist belongs to everybody and when a metropolis absorbs the economy of its hinterland, then secedes from the rest of the country. As Noël Coward said, "I don't know what London's coming to—the higher

the buildings, the lower the morals."

Given how many London residents and visitors speak English as a second language, the range and quality of London's *Shakespeare400* events were superb. King's College London coordinated dozens of cultural institutions and a small army of performers, producing a wonderful array of performances, exhibitions, and seminars.

Almost all of the important Shakespearean documents were on show in documentary exhibitions at King's College, the British Museum, and the Globe Theatre. The unique performances included *Henry V* at the Middle Temple Hall (where *Twelfth Night* premiered in 1602) and the first production on Bankside since Shakespeare's day, a "midnight matinee" of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the recently excavated site of the Rose Playhouse.

There were concerts and readings, walks and archaeological digs, and an array of conferences. The most interesting of these both concerned the relationship of language to music. At

CHRIS RATCLIFFE / GETTY

King's College, *Shakespeare's Musical Brain* looked at the aesthetics of performance and neurology. At the Victoria & Albert Museum, a motley collection of writers, musicians, theater technicians, and academics conducted an all-day symposium on *The Tempest*, the last and most musical of the plays. The speakers included novelist John Lanchester, poets A.E. Stallings and Alice Oswald, and the Oxford professor John Pitcher.

Shakespeare400 culminated on the anniversary weekend of April 23-24 with the conversion of Spenser's "sweet Thames" into a pop-up cinema. Thirty-seven giant screens, one for each of the plays, showed newly commissioned 10-minute films, which explored the plays in chronological sequence over the two-and-a-half miles from Westminster Bridge to Tower Bridge. *Hamlet* was filmed in Denmark, *Antony and Cleopatra* in Egypt, and *Romeo and Juliet* in Verona.

This is the face that Britain turns outwards to the world. A country with cultural depth, keeping its national poet at the heart of a global city. A country whose sense of itself is so strong that, confident as a *Mary Poppins* chimney sweep, it can change in order to remain the same. Behind the scenes, however, the performers are not so confident. Back in the heartland at Stratford, the Royal Shakespeare Company's centerpiece, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, betrayed an uncertainty bordering on panic about the relationship between Shakespeare and the modern English.

The RSC bills their *Dream* as "A Play for the People." This evokes the worst of 20th-century manipulations, such as the Great Hall of the People in Beijing or Tony Blair's rebranding of Diana, Princess of Wales as "The People's Princess." Shakespeare wrote for the people: If you miss the classical allusions, there are always the stab-bings and jokes. The gap between high culture and ordinary people is not the work of Shakespeare, but the curators of English culture. This patronizing production shows how they created it and how they contrive new ways to widen it.

The "people" that the RSC has in mind are the little people. The *Dream* production will tour Britain's provincial cities for the rest of the year. So there are more nonwhite faces than usual—Theo St. Claire gets his big break as First Fairy—and there's a real dwarf, too, in case the kids get bored. This is the reserve team, steered by a few more experienced hands; but the RSC has depth on the bench, and almost all of the actors understand their lines, which is not always the case with Shakespeare. Mumbai-born Ayesha Dharker, who has played Emilia in *Othello* for the RSC, excels as Titania, Queen of the Fairies. Chu Omambala, who has played Malcolm in *Macbeth* at the Globe, is elegantly cruel as King Oberon. The young lovers are good enough, but Shakespeare's deft, lyrical romance is marred by a crude production.

Shakespeare set the *Dream* in ancient Athens, by way of the Warwickshire woods where he had sowed his wild oats. This production is set in the trauma that so scarred the young Shakespeare, the Blitz of 1940-41. The disjuncture between the script and the staging is inexplicable—unless the RSC hopes to endow the children of immigrants with the sense of tragic-heroic grievance about the war that is the native Briton's birthright. As the Falstaffian complaint goes, "Who won the bloody war, anyway?"

The star turn, Lucy Ellinson, follows the Hitlerite theme down the plughole by playing Puck as an irritating composite of Charlie Chaplin in *The Great Dictator* and Liza Minnelli in *Cabaret*. Worse, the fairies are played not as spirits from a better world but as creatures from the wartime underworld of black marketeers and illegal nightclubs. Fedoras are tipped, jazz hands proffered, and tap dances hoofed. Jazz Shakespeare is not new: Before Dankworth and Laine, there was Duke Ellington's *Such Sweet Thunder*. This is like watching a high school production of *Guys and Dolls*. As often happens in cases of anachronistic conceit, the sharpest reflections of contemporaneity are inadvertent and distasteful. The dignified Chu Omambala is obliged

to portray Oberon as a drug-dealing pimp. How enlightened of the RSC to take to the inner city a play in which a black man pushes pills into the mouths of his slutty white molls: "So quick bright things come to confusion." The director who thought this up is best not named.

She is Erica Whyman. In this production, the real war of the 1940s is the class war against the toffs and the culture snobs. A pianist plays a classical introduction and is lampooned by Puck, playing "Chopsticks." The Duke of Athens is a cruel and stupid snob, wearing the uniform of the RAF—you know, the stuck-up, stuffed-shirted idiots who beat the Luftwaffe in 1940 and whose all-volunteer bomber crews suffered higher losses than any other service. Yet, as with the anachronism, the inverse snobbery backfires.

At each stop on the RSC's tour, parties of local schoolchildren play the non-speaking fairies. Local amateur companies play the Mechanicals, the "hempen homespuns" whose "most lamentable comedy" *Pyramus and Thisbe* is the entertainment at the weddings that consummate the *Dream*. In keeping with the theme, the Mechanicals are wartime factory workers: Snug the Joiner is a Rosie the Riveter and Peter Quince her pedantic foreman. The idea that amateurs played the Mechanicals in Shakespeare's time is a modern fiction. Admittedly, the 1930s were the golden age of am-dram, but the assumption that an amateur can best play a half-wit vitiates the point of acting.

At Stratford, the amateurs of the local Bearpit Theatre Company were as good as the professionals. Why cast them as fools? It is not just that Bottom is the comic hinge on which the whole production turns; changing the actor who plays him at each of the tour's 13 stops will weaken the play's rhythm. When Puck mimics the Mechanicals' rehearsal, it looks too much like a professional mocking the little people—a lamentable comedy, which emphasizes the social gap that this production purports to address: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Bette Midler observed that when it's three o'clock in New York, it's still

1938 in London. There is a certain truth in the perception that English history comes down to Shakespeare and the Blitz. As Hamlet nearly says, the rest is gravy—all that Magna Carta and Mother of Parliaments stuff. But this *Dream* is not likely to convince the young to care about English history and English art. If the guardians of culture are so contemptuous of their heritage, you can hardly blame the immigrants and their children for not caring. The Blitz-themed production bombed with the Stratford audience of private schoolchildren and tourists. But when this *Dream* goes to cash-poor, Muslim-rich Bradford and Nottingham, will Shakespeare inoculate against alienation and radicalization?

Some parts of the plot may strike home. When Hermia refuses the marriage that her father has arranged, she faces the death penalty: a judicial honor killing. When the king and queen of the fairies fall out over who shall enjoy a juvenile slave, the son of an Indian prince, I was reminded of the recent scandal in nearby Rotherham, in which mostly Muslim gangs groomed children in care homes and pimped them across Britain: “What a dream was here!”

Or if you have been warned that the English are godless, drunken fornicators, will the *Dream* confirm everything your parents have warned you about? James I might have appreciated the homoerotic sadism in Oberon’s control of Puck, but children from traditional-minded families might not. Leaving aside the *Dream*’s overt paganism, what about the bestiality, narcotics, and adultery? A man called Bottom, so drugged that he believes he is a donkey, mounts an equally intoxicated married woman while her children are watching. A common enough scene in any English town on a Saturday night, but unlikely to inspire a love of the stage or respect for the society that cherishes such spectacles. If you want to win over the Muslim children in Britain’s cities, *The Merchant of Venice* or Marlowe’s *Jew of Malta* might go down better.

Shakespeare could afford to romanticize his provincial youth in the *Dream*. He had already moved to London and

did his best to stay there. Stratford was where he invested his ticket sales, buying property for his retirement. Like the young Bard, we must look to London for a classy production. The Wanamaker Playhouse is the Globe’s winter retreat, an all-wooden replica of a Jacobean theater, with candles for lighting, winches and trapdoors modeled after the originals, and delicate marquetry by Snug the Joiner.

The Wanamaker is named for the American actor and director Sam Wanamaker. In 1949, Wanamaker visited the site of the Globe and was baffled to find only a blackened plaque on the wall of a defunct brewery. Blacklisted in Hollywood, Wanamaker lived on an alien shore, like Prospero expelled from Milan in *The Tempest*. He worked the magic that raised the money that, four years after his death in 1993, revived the Globe. *The Tempest* is one-quarter of the Wanamaker Theatre’s offering for this year’s anniversary, along with the other three Last Plays, *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, and *The Winter’s Tale*.

The play is the star in this production. The RSC cast cartoons its characters. The Globe cast, unaided by clever props, lays bare the psychology of ambivalence and ambition. Tim McMullan’s Prospero is anxious and vain, manipulating Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban to stave off mortality. Brendan O’Hea plays Antonio, the brother who disinherited Prospero, as mighty in standing and weak with guilt. As Gonzalo, the courtier who has served both brothers, Joseph Marcell develops the emotional tensions that underpinned his portrayal of Geoffrey the English butler in *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

In the *Dream*, one of Shakespeare’s early plays, the rulers are confident of their power. The dreamers sleep on flowery banks, and the magic for which Puck apologizes is real. In *The Tempest*, which is probably Shakespeare’s last play, the rulers are unsure of their power. The victims of Ariel’s trickery sleep in an “oozy bed” of wet mud; Prospero’s last speech, in which the magician abjures his “rough magic,” is an admission that art is artifice, a magic of strings and pulley, smoke and

mirrors. In both plays, Shakespeare mixes his genres: high tragedy with low comedy, though the *Dream* has less tragedy and *The Tempest* less comedy. And both end with a play-within-a-play. In the *Dream*, it is the low farce of *Pyramus and Thisbe*; in *The Tempest*, the highest of Renaissance forms, an extended courtly masque.

This musical of pagan rebirth parallels Prospero’s exchange of rough magic for “heavenly music.” In *The Tempest*, words become music, music pure sound, and sound the waves that vibrate the tiny wooden theater; like the waves with which Prospero has wrecked Alonso’s ship or the thrown voices with which Ariel leads the shipwrecked usurpers before Prospero—and the audience to a confrontation with the deepest paradoxes of art.

The Tempest is a final accounting, the last marks in a ledger where words shade into silence and the spirits are “melted ... into thin air.” The “baseless fabric” of illusion seems more real than our own lives: “Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve,” Prospero says. “Our music-and-dance spectacle is over.” Like the notations on a page of Bach, this insubstantial rough music of words is a prelude. The great art of the Globe is subsumed into the “great globe” and the music of the spheres.

As *The Tempest* moves from speech and politics to dance and music, one spell is broken and another spun. It is not easy for a cast to carry the audience from one willing suspension of disbelief to another. You can see that the Globe cast has worked this magic when Ariel appears from a trapdoor in the ceiling. The wires are visible, but as Ariel hovers overhead and sentences Antonio and his accomplices to “lingering perdition,” the upturned faces of the audience are “spell-stopp’d,” rapt and horrified: “We are the stuff as dreams are made of.”

Truly, a play for the nation, and for all nations. Authentic not just to Shakespeare’s words, but to this strange moment in the history of Brexit Britain—a moment when, as in Shakespeare’s time, politics and national identity are in flux: “The isle is full of noises.” ♦

Price of Joy

The bill comes due for a lifetime's contentment.

BY TARA BARNETT

Jonas Karlsson's new novel begins with an annoyance: An astronomically large invoice arrives for an unnamed narrator. "A scam!" our hero thinks. "A mistake!" he thinks again. Many would dissolve immediately into irritation, but our hero merely chuckles it off and goes about his simple, content day.

But when he begins to receive reminders to pay his bill and contacts the terrifyingly generic World Resources Distribution agency, he learns that the invoice represents the price of all the contentment, meaning, and joy he has had thus far. The WRD has calculated the value of his experience of life, and this, in short, is the cost of his existence.

And terrifying as that, alone, may be, his problems are even greater than those of his neighbors and friends, all of whom have received invoices of their own. Our hero has accrued perhaps the greatest debt in the whole country. Even worse—he has no way to pay.

This sort of strange, bureaucratic fable is not Jonas Karlsson's first. The author made waves with his hilarious debut novel *The Room*, published in English in 2015, which concerns an oblivious, borderline-insane nuisance of an office worker. In *The Room*, Karlsson showed us the experience of a man who cannot understand a very different problem: In his office at "the Authority," there is a room that only he can see. This room is fantastic: It allows him to accomplish work more effectively than ever before. The little problems of the office—paper sliding onto his desk, interpersonal annoyances—fade away. And indeed, these little difficulties tend to irk him endlessly. But within the room, he is efficient, brilliant, content.

Tara Barnett is a writer in Washington.

The Invoice

by Jonas Karlsson
translated by Neil Smith
Hogarth, 208 pp., \$24



Jonas Karlsson

So why won't his coworkers admit that it exists? His battles over the existence of the room are hilarious, if mean.

For all the ways that *The Room* was cruel, *The Invoice* is sweet. While the central character in *The Room* is oblivious to his own ineptitude, in *The Invoice*, obliviousness gives rise to joy. Karlsson gives us a glimpse of a convincingly happy life. And while that experience is funny, it is also sincere.

One of Karlsson's greatest strengths is showing us how different characters experience their world: what they see, and where they are blind. Perhaps this is not a surprise, given his career path: First a successful actor in his native Sweden, Karlsson moved to playwriting before trying his hand at fiction. Perhaps his experience inhabiting these roles has helped make his narrators so compelling.

Indeed, it is the hero here, not the hook, that makes *The Invoice*. Our narrator does not understand that he is happy, and so his happiness is believ-

able. Upon receiving his invoice, he thinks there must be some mistake: How could his life be so highly valued? He is an underachiever. He lives alone, working part-time at a video rental store. His one love affair ended long ago. Surely the rich and adventurous and beautiful must live better.

But as Karlsson demonstrates, the value of an experience is not so easy to estimate. Joyful experiences for our hero include eating pizza, watching movies, and peeling stickers off desks. Somehow, this unwittingly zen narrator has stumbled into the most richly expensive life there is and must now pay for his natural state of quiet bliss.

With this absurd premise, Karlsson sweeps through what it means to be happy. Of course, joy is individual, a great secret that can never be detected or measured. Joy is an interpretation, inherently subjective: What is joyful for some causes anxiety for others. And it is difficult to understand the joy of another. The magic of Karlsson's work is that he manages to convey real joy, the pleasure of a life captured in little actions. The traditional "big things"—death and love—do not overshadow these little moments, nor do the little moments resolve and symbolize the great. Peeling a sticker off a desk is an amusing diversion; it does not need to represent the futility of existence to play a role in the construction of joy.

Karlsson's magic trick is the narrator's as well, for the most winning passages here are the narrator's interactions with the WRD employee he finally reaches over the telephone. Like all rational people who receive a big unexpected bill, our hero attempts to negotiate the sum down. He argues his unhappiness—yes, he has felt anxiety; yes, he has experienced loss—and at every turn his interlocutor highlights his experience of his events.

Explaining happiness means seeing through another's eyes. Both Jonas Karlsson and our hero try to show us how to see the world in a new way, to find the experience in a film clip or a slice of pizza. And despite a potentially too-cute premise, *The Invoice* delivers a thoroughly engaging and winsome tale that does just that. ♦

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Trump wins first debate with 'arm-bar' leg hold

CLINTON PINNED TO FLOOR

Democrat to replace
pantsuits with unitards

BY SOPHIE PLETKA

The nation witnessed a shocking result in the first presidential debate last night at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, where Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump was declared the winner after putting Hillary Clinton in an arm-bar submission hold that forced the Democratic presidential nominee to tap out of the debate after just 26 seconds.

After the stunning victory, Trump attributed his success to Stephen Cheung, a communication adviser brought on in July who had previously worked for the Ultimate Fighting Championship. "Stephen, let me tell you, he did a fantastic job getting me in shape for this debate," a beaming Trump told reporters gathered on stage just seconds after the victory. "He was magnificent: We did the Muay Thai, the Krav Maga, the boxing, the kickboxing, even the Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, though I do hope the Brazilians, who love me by the way, I hope they do stay in Brazil with that Zika virus, whatever it's called."



IMGUR / WEEKLY STANDARD

Tattoos on display, candidate Donald Trump prepared earlier this week for his decisive meeting with Hillary Clinton.

Despite Trump's brash demeanor, his endorsement by UFC president Dana White, and his sudden addition of 25 pounds of muscle, Clinton appeared to be caught off guard by his strategy in last night's debate. She was not even halfway through her opening statement when Trump, clad only in spandex shorts and sporting several neck tattoos, ran over to Clinton's podium, tackled the former first lady, and pinned her arm between his legs, at which point she had no choice but to admit defeat. Aides to Clinton acknowledged they had not prepared for such an onslaught during her practice

debates with attorney Lanny Davis, but tried to maintain a positive outlook on the night's events. "Mr. Trump simply outperformed expectations here," said Clinton campaign manager Robby Mook. "The American people see right through Mr. Trump's cheap attacks. Hillary will expose him in the next debate, with the help of new foreign policy adviser Brock Lesnar."

While Clinton declined medical treatment after the debate, moderator Anderson Cooper was revived by medical personnel after faint-

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